The Bucks County Gazette.

VOL. XXII. BRISTOL, BUCKS COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1894. NO. 17

Change of Time.

Commencing Monday, Nov. 19, 1894.

UPPER DELAWARE RIVER TRANSPORTATION COMPANY.

Steamer Columbia leave Mill Street, Bristol for Philadelphia, at 7.15 a. m.
Returning, leaves Philadelphia, Chestnut St. wharf, at 2 p. m.

THE INTER-STATE STEAMBOAT CO.

Steamer FLORENCE
Leaves Bordentown, 7.30 a. m
Bristol, 8.30 a.m.
Leaves Arch street Phila., 2.00 p. m.

BRISTOL POST OFFICE.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

NEW YORK—Arrives at 7.00, 10.40 A. M., 2.20, 6.40 P. M. Closes at 7.00, 8.15, 10.40 A. M., 3.30, 7.00 P. M.

PHILADELPHIA—Arrives at 7.00, 7.45, 10.00 A. M., 1.40, 7.00 P. M. Closes at 5.45, 10.00 A. M., 1.40, 3.30, 6.00 P. M.

NEWPORTVILLE—Arrives at 8.00 A. M. and leaves at 8.07 A. M.

EMILIE, OXFORD VALLEY, &c.—Arrives at 10.10 A. M. Close at 11.45 A. M.

NEWTOWN Stage arrives 11.30 A. M., leaves 1.00 P. M.

WESTERN—Arrives at 7.45, 10.00 A. M. Mails for the West and South go by every Philadelphia mail.

Post Office closes 8.00 P. M. Saturday, 8.30 P. M. Open Sunday from 8 to 9 A. M.

W. H. H. FINE, P. M.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

In effect October 1st, 1894.

Leave Bristol for Phila. (Broad St.), *2.46, 5.35, 6.30, 6.52, 7.18, *8.12, 8.23, *9.14, 9.51, *10.26 A. M. 12.05, 12.55, *1.17, *2.40, *3.03, 3.10, 4.02, 4.19, 5.43, 6.25, *7.00, *7.32, 8.30, 9.27, *11.03 P. M.
Sunday trains, *2.46, 7.00, *8.11, 9.00, *10.26 A. M. *12.04, 12.25, 5.05, 5.43, *7.21, 8.00, *8.20, 8.50, 9.28, *11.03 P. M.
Leave Phila. (Broad St.), for Bristol, 12.01, *3.20, 6.07, *6.50, 7.34, *8.14, *8.25, 8.30, [illegible] A. M. 12.01, 1.10, 1.50, 2.48, 3.32, *3.52, 4.30, *5.00, [illegible], 6.00, [illegible], 6.21, 7.27, 9.17, *10.00, 11.15 P. M.
Sunday trains, 12.01, 7.40, *8.25, *8.30, 9.05, 11.45 A. M. 2.00, *5.20, 5.53, *6.20, 6.30, 7.27, *8.12, 10.25 P. M.
(*) Express trains.
For further particulars apply to the ticket agent at the station.
S. M. PREVOST, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Passenger Agent

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

—Any person sending to this office the names of two new subscribers, and two dollars, will receive the paper free for one year,—three copies of the paper one year for two dollars.

—There is not a case of diphtheria or scarlet fever in Bristol.

—An original pension has been granted William H. Hibbs, of Bristol.

—The trolley is coming. So is Christmas, and Christmas leads in the race.

—The price of turkeys yesterday ranged from 14 to 18 cents a pound, according to quality.

—Health Officer John W. Wilkinson is visiting his brother, Edward Wilkinson, at West Point, Va.

—Dr. A. R. Groom has returned from his hunting trip to Juniatta county, bringing with him several wild turkeys.

—'Squire E. N. Booz and his wife are eating their Thanksgiving turkey at Harrisburg with their son, Charles.

—A sample arc light has been placed at the corner of Bath and Otter streets by the Bristol Electric Light Company.

—Arrangements are being made for holding a festival during the entire week commencing on December 10th, at the Bristol Baptist Church.

—Mrs. R. E. Beckwith, sister of the Rev. E. E. Burriss, died at the Methodist Hospital, Philadelphia, on last Friday morning, after undergoing a serious operation.

—Union Thanksgiving services will be held at the Methodist Church, this morning. Rev. Dr. E. P. Shields, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, will preach the sermon.

—The Bristol Gas Light Company have received a car load of cannel coal from Kentucky, which will be mixed with other coal and thus produce a gas of greater illuminating power.

—Dr. H. C. Terry, a graduate of the American Veterinary College, New York City, has established his headquarters in Bristol at Comfort's Livery Stable, on Cedar street, above Dorrance.

—About one hundred members of Fidelity Council, No. 21, Jr. O. U. A. M., attended the Presbyterian Church, at Burlington, N. J., last Sunday morning. The church was handsomely decorated for their reception with the emblems of the order, flags, palms and flowers.

—Messrs. George Horn and John L. Hibbs have returned from a week's gunning in Bradford county. They report the sport excellent, and brought back with them numerous trophies of their skill. They were fortunate in securing pleasant quarters on the farm of Theodore Brown, at whose home they hung up their hats for several days. On their arrival they received a hearty welcome from Mr. Brown and his obliging wife, who did all in their power to make their sojourn with them a pleasant one.

—The County Commissioners held a special meeting at their office in the Court House on Friday morning. R. Chester Stover was appointed assessor in the Second ward of Bristol, to fill the unexpired term of Edwin J. Burton, resigned. Amos B. Headley, of Tullytown, was appointed to fill the vacancy in the board of trustees of the Norristown Insane Asylum, caused by the death of the Hon. George Ross. The matter of appointing a janitor and fireman for the Court House for next year was considered by the Board.

—This afternoon, Fidelity Council, No. 21, Jr. O. U. A. M., will raise a flag on the new school building, corner Wood and Mulberry streets, preceded by a large parade, which will be made up of Councils from Burlington and Morrisville, and the G. A. R., of Bristol. The line will form at 1 p. m. and move at 1.30 p. m. over the following route: Otter to Swain, to Mifflin, to Bath, to Mill, to Radcliffe, to Lafayette, to Pond, to Washington, to Cedar, to Dorrance, to Pond, to Penn, to Wood, to Walnut, to Cedar, to Mulberry, to Pond, and counter-march to school. Persons along the route of parade are requested to decorate their homes.

The New Delaware Bridge.

The approval of the Interior Department having been secured upon the projected bridge over the Delaware in the northern part of Philadelphia, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company officials are now only waiting for the approval of the Board of Port Wardens. The bridge will do away with the transfer of Jersey freight by flat-boat and enable the company to carry its seashore travel straight through to the sea from Broad street station.

The following are the details: The new bridge is to be constructed of steel, and when completed will be one of the largest in the world. It will be high enough to allow all steam vessels to pass under it, besides having a long draw, which will allow other vessels to continue above the city. It will consist of three through spans, each being 340 feet long, besides a draw 300 feet long. This draw rests on a central pier, and will be so constructed as to allow vessels to pass on both sides. A considerable amount of new railroad is to be built on each side of the river. On the Pennsylvania side, the new road will start from a point on the New York division, near Frankford junction, and extend almost due east for about one mile, where a connection will be made with the western end of the bridge. In New Jersey almost as much mileage must be built before the bridge can be operated.

Struck by a Train.

An Italian boy named Goole, residing at Cold Spring, above Bristol, was struck by an east-bound freight, at the Lafayette street crossing, on last Monday evening. A large crowd of mill operatives was standing at the crossing at the time, waiting for the gates, which were down, to open. Goole darted from the crowd and attempted to cross in front of the approaching train.

When struck he was hurled some distance from the tracks. The fireman of the locomotive leaped from his cab and picked up the boy, who was carried to the residence of John Chase, on Pear street. Dr. E. J. Groom was hastily summoned and pronounced the boy's injuries severe, but not necessarily fatal. The accident was the result of the boy's own carelessness, as the gate keeper was on duty and had the crossing guarded.

Chrysanthemum Culture.

According to Meehan's Monthly, Philadelphia (devoted to general gardening and wild flowers), it is an error to pinch back chrysanthemum shoots in order to make the plants bushy at a late period of their growth, as this late pinching results in comparatively small flowers. One of the best chrysanthemum-growers in the country gives the plants their potting on the 20th of June, and never pinches back the shoots after the 10th of July. Water is never given, unless the individual plant requires it whereas many cultivators dash water over every pot whether the plant needs it or not. A good syringing, however, is given all the plants every evening after hot, sunny days. Liquid manure is given after the flower-buds appear; but not oftener than two or three times a week. Kerosene mulching or tobacco-water is given with the syringe, about once in five days, to keep down the black fly.

Bread by Weight.

"You will sell bread by weight or not at all" was the order of the Market Commissioner at Reading, last Monday. This order will go into operation on January 1, and those who refuse to obey it will simply be driven out of the business. The bakers are in great consternation. They understand that it means a big reduction in the price of the poor man's loaf. They have fought a reduction all along, on the ground that although the price of flour was lower they had not made any more money. Times have been hard, they say, and bad debts have piled up simply because many customers, being out of work, are unable to pay. The action of the Commissioner is taken under an old Act of Assembly passed in 1797, which directs that all bread shall be sold by the pound, and imposes a penalty of $10 for every violation. The law has been a dead letter for generations and its enforcement would work a revolution in the baking business.

Horse Thieves in Hulmeville.

Horse thieves are unusually active in this end of the county. The latest occurred Sunday night, when the barn of Elisha Praul, in Hulmeville, was entered. Howard Vansant, son of J. T. Vansant, of Bensalem, was visiting the family of Elisha Praul, and put his horse and carriage in the barn. When ready to return home the theft of Mr. Praul's horse and Mr. Vansant's carriage was discovered. The Hulmeville Horse Company was at once notified and a posse started in pursuit of the thief. Mr. Praul deplores the loss of his animal very much, as it had been in the family for at least twenty years. He offers a reward of $25 for its recovery. The Horse Company has offered $50 for the recovery of the horse and the conviction of the thief.

—Chairman Burnet Landreth, President of the Association of Centenary Firms and Corporations, has issued a circular asking the names of firms, "possessing the rare and enviable distinction of one hundred years' management by the same family," be furnished to him. The association now comprehends thirty-one firms in its membership, of whom twenty-one are Pennsylvanian, and of these a large portion are Philadelphian. The head of the list, the earliest in being established is "Francis Perot's Sons Malting Company," marks 1687 as the date of its establishment.

—Ex-County Treasurer David V. Feaster is seriously sick with dropsy at the residence of his son-in-law, J. Alva Gill, near Richboro. The Captain's many friends throughout the county will regret to hear this.

—At the GAZETTE job office a large stock of envelopes, cards, bill heads, statements, are kept on hand and everything in the printing line executed without unnecessary delay.

—List of letters remaining in Bristol post-office, November 28th, 1894: A. H. Stagg, Mrs. Mary Turner.

His Ninetieth Birthday.

Ex-Senator William Kinsey, one of the best known residents, not only of Bristol, his native town, but of Bucks county, Thursday celebrated the 90th anniversary of his birth. He is still hale and hearty notwithstanding a recent illness, and is able to read without glasses. Mr. Kinsey was born in Bristol, November 22, 1804, in the old homestead, on Cedar street, which still stands, and on the site of which he hopes to live to see erected a handsome Methodist Episcopal Church. He has signified his intention of contributing $1000 towards that object. During his long life Mr. Kinsey has served in the various offices of the borough government. He was postmaster for three terms, and burgess of the town for seven terms, while he was a councilman for fourteen terms.

In 1862 he was elected to the State Senate for three years, and proved to be one of the ablest speakers of that body. At the breaking out of the Civil War he assisted in raising a company of volunteers, and went to the front as a member of the company. He was also a frequent contributor to various newspapers, and has written largely on matters of local history.

Mr. Kinsey is one of the oldest members of the Bristol Methodist Episcopal Church, and one of the oldest Free Masons in the State.

In politics he has always been and still is a Democrat. Thursday, in company with the trustees of the Bristol church, he visited Philadelphia to arrange for the sale of a property left to the church, so that the church at Bristol can use the proceeds in the erection of its new edifice.

On Thursday, the venerable ex-Senator received calls from many of the older residents of Bristol, while the trustees of the Methodist Episcopal Church presented him with handsomely engrossed resolutions.—Intelligencer.

YOUR THANKSGIVING TURKEY.

Seven-tenths of the carving of a turkey depends on beginning properly. The first consideration is your chair. As the truly artistic carver never stands up, you should be sure the chair is high enough to bring your elbows at least to the level of the table.

Then as to the tool: a good broad-bladed carver and a strong two-pronged fork are necessities; but a small, sharp-pointed game carver may be found very useful in separating the joints; and to reach the dressing a large silver spoon is needed.

Having the fowl before you on its back, with the neck toward your left hand, first insert the fork in the breast, about midway between each end of the turkey: this will be far enough back not to interfere with the carving of large slices of the white meat. Now, holding the knife firmly with the right hand, the forefinger extending over the back of the blade, sever the drumsticks from the second-joint at one cut. This is a much neater method than to first separate the whole leg from the body. The next cut is between the thigh and the body down to the back, then through the skin around to the leg-joint; the thigh may then be easily removed. To loosen the side-bone insert the point of the knife between it and the back-bone, and give the blade a sharp twist outwards; another way is to put the fork into the side of the fowl away from you, turn the breast toward you, and then separate the side-bone by a cut from the pope's nose forward.

Reverse the turkey to remove the other joints and second side-bone. A sharp stroke across the back divides the pope's nose, and another firm stroke is usually sufficient to divide the back from the breast, if desired; the breast may then be turned and split in two from the inside. Some, in fact many good carvers, however, prefer to cut the meat from the breast and leave the skeleton intact. The first thin slice from the breast carries with it the wing, which separates at the shoulder. It will be found easier to slice the white meat if the wish-bone, which may be easily located, is first removed.

But to know how to separate the turkey into portions is not the whole of the art. Good serving is as essential a part as good carving, but many who have mastered the first process make a sad bungle of the second. A cardinal mistake, although a very frequent one, is to carve almost the entire fowl before commencing to serve. The pile of warm plates should be placed conveniently at your left hand, and the first one should be filled and removed as soon as you have separated one or two joints. If you continue thus, placing upon a plate with a little dressing, each portion as soon as separated from the turkey, the table will be more quickly served, and you will not be embarrassed, in your carving, by a very full platter.

He Was Found Out.

It is told of A. Conan Doyle, that he was astonished when a Boston cabman told him "he would rather have a ticket to his lecture than the fare." He thought he was traveling incognito, and he asked the man how he found him out. The man replied that "he knew him as a member of the Cabmen's Literary Guild, to which the lecturer's itinerary had been telegraphed in advance, and that he recognized Dr. Doyle to be the man, because his coat lapels had evidently been grasped by New York reporters, his hair manifestly cut by a Philadelphia barber, his hat seemingly saved with difficulty from the pirates by whom he was surrounded at a Chicago luncheon, while his overshoes bore traces of Buffalo mud and there was an odor of a Utica cigar upon his person." The doctor surrendered at discretion and gave to the fellow a ticket for his whole family.

—Senator Jones, of Arkansas, promises that the four popgun bills will be forced to an early vote during the next session of the present Congress. We trust that the force to be applied will not cause these four popguns, loaded as they are, to explode to the utter extermination of the fragments of the party to which Senator Jones belongs.

—The report of Mr. Cleveland's Strike Committee was so contemptible and so much at variance with the facts that the people have already ceased to talk about it. It destroyed itself.

TIME TO LOCK THE STABLE DOOR.

The ease with which a New York bank was defrauded of $354,000 is startling. That the system of fraud could be kept up year after year and not discovered by the officers of the bank, shows that there are defects in modern banking which needs attention. Detection was only made by changing the system of bookkeeping. If there is safety in such changes, perhaps they ought to be made every few years. When it is considered how much money is lost by banks by reason of dishonest employees, it might be well for the larger banks to employ their own private examiners, who shall be paid to keep a supervision of the bookkeeping and not rely upon the hurried and uncertain investigation made by the National Bank Examiners. Three or four banks could club together and employ an expert accountant to devote his entire time to scrutinizing accounts. When a statement is handed to the directors they have no time to verify it, and it is accepted as correct. An examiner with nothing else to do, however, might easily trip up a dishonest cashier or bookkeeper. The bankers owe it not only to themselves, but to their customers to take steps to check losses, and the method suggested is not too expensive to be given a trial.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

By the proclamation of the President of the United States and of the Governor of Pennsylvania to-day is set apart as a day of thanksgiving. The day is now universally recognized as a holiday in the United States, and from one end of our country to the other its festivities and obligations of are duly observed.

Thanksgiving Day is peculiarly a home day. It is then, whenever possible, that the different members of the family gather under the home roof-tree, and these reunions are one of its most pleasant features. The assembling together of different branches of the family circle, the tales of the past and the anticipated hopes of the future serve to cement the ties which absence often weakens.

The day is also set apart as a fit time to return thanks to the Supreme Lord of the Universe for the many mercies shown and blessings received during the year. And in response thereto and in accordance with the recommendation of the Governor of this Commonwealth many thousands of people will suspend all secular business and assemble in their usual places of worship, and with prayer and songs of praise devoutly testify their gratitude for His goodness His wonderful works.

A PATRIOTIC CITY.

Commander-in-Chief Lawler, of the Grand Army of the Republic, when in Philadelphia this week, made the remark, after a tour of the city, that more was being done in Philadelphia to arouse patriotism than in any other city of the Union. In this respect surely Philadelphia ought to keep in the lead. There it was that the Declaration of Independence was drafted and signed. From the steeple of the old State House still standing, Liberty was proclaimed throughout the land. There the first Congress met and the first American flag was made. Philadelphians constantly keep those historic facts before their children. The launching of the war-ships, the centennial exhibition, the bi-ennial demonstration, the Fourth of July festivities have all helped to keep alive the fires of patriotism. Riggin was given such a burial in Philadelphia as he would have been awarded in no other city. The Grand Army is strong in Philadelphia and this, too, has its patriotic influence.

THE NEW GOVERNMENT LOAN.

The fact that the new government loan was subscribed to three times over does not mean that three times the amount of the loan could have been placed with the bidders. Many of them bid for the same amount at several different figures, hoping that one of the bids might be accepted. Then there was the belief that there would be an over-subscription and no one would be able to get the full quantity desired. In anticipation that only a portion of the amount bid for would be awarded, many bidders asked for more than they really wanted. The government's credit, however, is excellent, both at home and abroad, and it can borrow many times $50,000,000 if it needs it.

PROTECTION IS THE THING.

If anybody was in doubt—though nobody was, and nobody except a few plotting Democrats pretended to be—of Mr. Thomas Reed's unswerving devotion to the doctrine of Protection, his speech on the occasion of the feast and jubilee of the Boston Home Market Club must have dispelled the doubt. The Governor of Ohio is not more solidly a protectionist than is the last and the next Republican Speaker of the National House of Representatives. If there is to be a friendly rivalry between Reed and McKinley for a Presidential nomination it will form no part of Reed's policy to belittle the great legislative measure that bears the name of the McKinley Tariff bill.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Will Electricity Replace Steam?

A recent test at Schenectady, N. Y., according to The Electrical Age, New York, November 10, showed that an electric locomotive can pull a steam locomotive—advantage of condition being all in favor of the latter—with ease and without apparent effort. The improvements since the World's Fair test have done this. Next in importance to the Baltimore and Ohio tunnel electric-motor work, which is being pushed rapidly to completion, is the use of these electric motors on the Metropolitan Railroad, of Chicago, which will soon be in operation. Many railway managers are watching this test with a view to adoption. It is now expected that electric motors will be sold to locomotive-builders as headlights are sold, which would enable any of the large builders to construct according to their own designs. Electric motors are being rapidly simplified to that end.

—The GAZETTE,—one year $1.

OUR PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

PHILADELPHIA, November 28th, 1894.—The Presbyterian Social Union, which has been a sort of church dining club, is awaking to the fact that there is something more for its members to do than to eat good dinners and to listen to speeches. The Union is made up of many of the most influential men in the Presbyterian Church, men of high standing and who are prosperous in business and professional affairs. The club has been in existence for some years and now it proposes to form a Christian League, to be composed of representatives of all evangelical denominations for practical work, that the Gospel may be spread among people who either have no inclination to attend church or else feel that they are debarred from attendance where congregations are made up of fashionable people. An Episcopal club is about to be formed, which is very similar in its purposes to the Presbyterian Union, and it will be an easy matter to form similar clubs among the Baptists, Methodists and other denominations. Backed by the money which these men could contribute a world of good might be accomplished by supplying places of worship, libraries, reading rooms and gymnasiums to the poor and making such places so attractive that they will draw the young from vicious resorts.

This movement is no doubt an outgrowth of the visit to this city of General Booth, the founder of the Salvation Army, who in his speeches made it clear that there is need of such work. The Christian Endeavor Societies, the Epworth Leagues, the King's Daughters, the Brotherhoods of St. Andrew, and the various church guilds are good in their way, but they do not go far enough. They promote sociability and good-fellowship, but they do not spread the Gospel among the class of people most in need of its benefits. We all know of the enthusiastic temperance workers whose mission is to convert old women who never drink anything stronger than tea, and get little children to sign the pledge, but who would shrink from contact with a drunkard in the gutter, and would turn a cold shoulder to the despondent and needy. General Booth has demonstrated that there is a way to approach and reform those who are most in need of shaking off their vicious habits and cutting loose from degrading influences. Out of all the Psalm-singing and self-righteous leagues and unions and guilds there may yet spring some practical movement which will be a power for good, and possibly the Presbyterians will be the first to lead in the work.

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Next May promises to be a great month for Philadelphia. The annual session of the Odd Fellows will be held here, and the new Odd Fellows Temple on Broad street will be dedicated with a great parade and demonstration, which will bring thousands of people here from all parts of the state and country. Trades League week which was postponed last year until the times should be more propitious will be observed in May, and it is the intention to make the event attractive enough to bring business men from all parts of the United States. One of the events being arranged for is Professor King's balloon voyage across the ocean. Whether successful or not, the attempt will be one of the most interesting events in the history of balloon ascensions.

F. D. M.

Lippincott's Magazine.

The complete novel for the December issue of Lippincott's is "Mrs. Hallam's Companion," by the well-known writer, Mrs. Mary J. Holmes. It follows from America to Europe, and back again, the fortunes of a young lady who deserved a better position than that of a "companion"—and found it.

A short story by the author of "Dodo" will attract general attention. In this case expectations will not be disappointed, for Mr. E. F. Benson has written nothing better than "A Creed of Manners." If the hero's professions were moderate, either his creed was more than it seemed, or the man was better than his creed. To what heights gentlemanhood can rise is the burden of this beautiful and touching little sketch.

Miss Ellen Mackubin, who is rapidly coming to the front, tells of "A Live Ghost." "A Western Daisy Miller," by Claude M. Girardeau, has the flavor of the prairies, if not of the newer regions beyond.

Dr. Charles C. Abbott's account of "An Odd Neighbor" reads like truth rather than fiction. True, too, and historical, are Charles Howard Shinn's recollections of "Don Jaime, of Mission San Jose."

Calvin Dill Wilson has an interesting paper on "Shooting Bob White," and Alvan F. Sanborn another on "Living Pictures at the Louvre." Under the caption, "Shall I Study Medicine?" Dr. A. L. Benedict gives some valuable figures and facts concerning doctors and their various experiences.

Esme Stuart writes of "Some Notable Women of the Past," and copies some of their letters. The closing instalment of "Talks with the Trade" discusses "The Personal Element" in literary business.

The poetry of the number is by Florence Earle Coates, Susie M. Best, H. Prescott Beach, and Clarence Urmy.

—When the tomato is grafted on the potato, which can be done by reason of the close relationship between the two plants, the potato roots continue to produce potatoes, while the tomato grafted on the potato stalk continues to produce tomatoes. It is considered in some of the agricultural papers as remarkable that one plant should produce two different kinds of products; but it is no more remarkable than other experiences in grafting. A pear may be grafted on the quince, but the roots are still quince roots, although pears come from the grafted portion. There have been cases known where the graft will influence the stock, but to such a slight degree as not to materially alter its character.

—One of New York's policemen testified the other day as follows: "I am subject to fits. I am also blind in one eye, and can't see very well out of the other." Judging from the testimony taken before the Lexow Committee numerous policemen of that city are similarly afflicted.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

How Allan Pinkerton Thwarted the First Attempt to Assassinate Lincoln.

Out of the archives of the Pinkerton Detective Agency, Cleveland Moffett has brought to light a detailed story of the plot to assassinate Abraham Lincoln on his way to Washington to be inaugurated President in 1861. History, as every one knows, has recorded the fact that such an attempt was anticipated, and that Lincoln changed the plan of his journey so as to pass through Baltimore at night, and, so far as the public was concerned, in secret. Moffett gives us in McClure's Magazine, November, a connected and dramatic account of the journey and the developments immediately preceding it.

The narrative opens with a conference in the St. Louis Hotel, Philadelphia, on the evening of February 21, 1861, between Norman B. Judd, of Chicago, one of Lincoln's closest friends, Mr. Felton, president of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railway, and Allan Pinkerton, the already famous detective. They talked over the revelations of the plot to assassinate Lincoln on his way through Baltimore, which had been unearthed by Pinkerton's agents, and then proceeded to the Continental Hotel, in the parlor of which Lincoln was holding a crowded reception. They secured a private room, and sent a message to Mr. Lincoln to come to the room at once, to which he promptly responded. Mr. Pinkerton addressed Mr. Lincoln as follows: "I have reason to know, Mr. Lincoln—the very best reason—that there is a plot to assassinate you the day after to-morrow, on your way through Baltimore. I have come here in that connection." The President-elect received the startling news calmly enough, and the detective proceeded to tell how the plot was discovered. It had first taken the form of a plot to destroy property on the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railway, to prevent the President's reaching Washington, and to prevent also the massing of Federal troops at Washington. Washington was then to be seized and Secession declared. President Felton, of the railroad, had called in Pinkerton's services, and he had discovered, through his agents, that the plot involved also the assassination of Lincoln. The narrative proceeds as follows:

"On February 9, Mr. Pinkerton learned on reliable authority that a distinguished citizen of Maryland had joined with others in taking a solemn oath to assassinate Mr. Lincoln before he should reach Washington. On the evening of February 8, twenty conspirators in Baltimore had met in a dark room to decide by ballot which one of them should kill the President as he passed through the city. It was agreed that the task should be entrusted to that one of their number who should draw a red ballot. Whoever was thus chosen was pledged not to disclose the fact, even to his fellow conspirators. To make it absolutely sure that the plot would not be defeated at the last moment, by accident or cowardice, eight red ballots instead of one were placed in the box from which they drew, unknown to the conspirators themselves, and eight determined men regarded themselves as thus chosen, by high destiny, to rid the country of an infamous tyrant. So they professed to believe, and their plans for the assassination were perfected to the smallest detail. The hour of the President's arrival in Baltimore was well known, and the line of march to be followed by his carriage across the city had been announced. In case there should be any change in the programme, agents of the conspirators in the various Northern cities passed through by the Presidential party were ready to apprise them of the fact. There would be an immense crowd in Baltimore at the Calvert street station when Mr. Lincoln arrived, and it was a matter of common knowledge that the Baltimore chief of police, George P. Kane, was in sympathy with the conspirators, and had promised to send only a small force of policemen to the station, and to furnish no police escort whatever through the city. As soon as the President should leave the train, a gang of roughs was to start a fight a few hundred yards away, and this would serve as a pretext for the police force to absent themselves for a few minutes. During this time the crowd would close around the hated Northerners, pushing and jostling them, and in the confusion some one of the conspirators would strike the deadly blow or fire the fatal shot. Each man was left free to accomplish the murder either with dagger or pistol, as he saw fit."

Confirmation of the plot had also been received from Miss Dix, a well known Southern philanthropist, and it was then proposed to Mr. Lincoln to start at once for Washington, and thus "steal a march" on the conspirators. The reply of Mr. Lincoln was:

"Gentlemen, I appreciate these suggestions, and while I can stand anything that is necessary in the way of misrepresentation, I do not feel that I can go to Washington to-night. I have promised to raise the flag over Independence Hall to-morrow morning, and after that to visit the Legislature at Harrisburg. These two promises I must fulfill, whatever the cost, but after that I am ready to accept any plan you may adopt."

Finding Mr. Lincoln firm in this resolve, his friends adjusted their plans accordingly, calling in to their conference G. C. Franciscus, general manager of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and E. S. Sanford, of the American Telegraph Company. On the following day Mr. Lincoln raised the flag over Independence Hall, and proceeded to take the special train that was to convey him to Harrisburg. On the way to the train, he was intercepted by Frederick W. Seward, son of Senator Seward, bearing dispatches in regard to the plot which had come to the Senator's knowledge from independent sources. On reaching Harrisburg, the President-elect, in the evening, was in attendance at a public dinner given in his honor. It had been planned that he should quietly withdraw from the dinner at a certain time, without arousing suspicion, as the conspirators had spies watching for any change in the programme of the journey. The room was so crowded, however, that this part of the plan was difficult to carry out. The narrative then continues as follows:

"Seeing the difficulty of leaving the room, Mr. Lincoln hit upon a clever idea, and whispering to Governor Curtin a hasty explanation, called upon him to assist in his departure. Grasping the situation in a moment, Governor Curtin made some remark to the effect that the President was suffering with a headache and would withdraw to his room for a moment. Then, giving Mr. Lincoln his arm, the two men passed out of the dining-room and walked down the hall to the front door, where Mr. Franciscus, general agent of the Pennsylvania road, was waiting with a closed carriage. The President did not go to his room at all, not even to get his hat and overcoat, but stepped quickly into the carriage just as he had been at the table, covering his head with a hat of soft wool that he drew from his pocket. Later on, during the journey, Mr. Franciscus gave the President his own overcoat, and thus attired, without any disguise whatever, Mr. Lincoln made the journey to Washington.

"To disarm suspicion among those who saw Mr. Lincoln get into the carriage, Governor Curtin entered after him, giving instructions in a loud voice to the driver to take them to the Executive Mansion. Mr. Franciscus, seated on the box-seat, whispered to the driver what to do, and the carriage did go the Executive Mansion, but only stopped there a moment and then drove on, no one having left it. They then drove directly to a road crossing at the lower end of Harrisburg, where the superintendent of the Pennsylvania Railroad had, at Mr. Pinkerton's request, provided that a locomotive and passenger car should be waiting. The only member of the party who accompanied Mr. Lincoln and Governor Curtin in the carriage was Ward H. Lamon, it having been decided that all the others should remain in Harrisburg over night and keep themselves as much as possible in evidence, so as to confirm the belief that the President was in the city. Colonel Sumner, staunch old soldier, who had sworn that he would go to Washington with Mr. Lincoln, was only prevented from getting into the carriage by a clever ruse of Mr. Judd's, which made the colonel violently angry for the moment, but which he afterward forgave, recognizing its wisdom.

"It was about dusk when the carriage reached the special train, consisting only of a single passenger car in which the lamps were left unlighted, so extreme were the precautions taken. Mr. Lincoln stepped aboard the train first, followed by Messrs. Franciscus, Lamon and Enoch Lewis, and immediately the signal was given to the engineer, and the train started for Philadelphia.

"In addition to the engineer and firemen, the only persons who rode on this special train with Mr. Lincoln from Harrisburg to Philadelphia on the evening of February 22, 1861, were Ward H. Lamon; G. C. Franciscus, division superintendent of the Pennsylvania; Enoch Lewis, general superintendent, T. E. Garrett, general baggage agent, and John Pitcairn, Jr., in charge of a special telegraphic instrument, provided in case of any accident on the way."

Mr. Pinkerton had taken the precaution to arrange with the telegraph officers in Philadelphia to stop all despatches from Harrisburg excepting those for himself, and followed this up on the very eve of departure by detaining a lineman, accompanied by Superintendent Westervelt, to cut the wires over the Northern Central Railroad to Baltimore. The train reached Philadelphia again without incident, and the trip to Washington is described as follows:

"The train drew out of the Philadelphia station at 10.55, having been delayed five minutes for the delivery of the 'important package' into the hands of Conductor Litzenburg. As a matter of fact, this package contained nothing more important than a bundle of old New York Heralds, but it served its purpose admirably well in allaying any suspicions. As soon as the train had started, Mr. Lincoln partially undressed, and was soon sleeping quietly in his berth, untroubled by any thought of the dangers around him. Leaving his 'invalid friend' under the protection of Kate Warn and George D. Bangs, who were both armed and would have shot every soul on the train rather than let a curtain of the President's berth be disturbed, Mr. Pinkerton himself took up his station on the rear platform, from which he could readily receive the signals he had arranged for with the guards stationed at all danger points along the road.

"Mr. Pinkerton had been informed by his operatives scattered through Maryland that three companies of railroad men had been drilling for weeks with the alleged purpose of protecting the property of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad, but really with the intention of burning the bridges, cars and ferry-boats, as soon as the proper moment should arrive. It was possible, therefore, that these desperate men, if through treachery or in any unforeseen way they had learned of Mr. Lincoln's hastened departure, would attempt to burn the bridges, place obstructions on the track, or in some other way stop the progress of the train. Therefore, Mr. Pinkerton had taken the most elaborate precautions in view of such an emergency. At his suggestion, the railroad officials had stationed gangs of trusted men at the various bridges, which they were supposed to be painting and whitewashing; and, as a matter of fact, they did give the bridges a complete white coating of a preparation to render the woodwork fire-proof. Their greatest usefulness, however, was as a loyal force in case they should be needed. In addition to these, Pinkerton had placed a man fully armed at every bridge and cross-road through the entire dangerous region, and as the train rolled by, each one of these sentinels, as instructed, flashed signals from the dark lantern hanging at his waist to the tireless chief on the back platform.

"The most critical point in the journey, as Mr. Pinkerton felt, was Havre de Grace, where the train would be taken across the Susquehanna on a ferry-boat, and here he had posted the detective in whose zeal and abilities he trusted beyond everything, the dauntless Timothy Webster. As the train drew near this point and began to slow up for the ferry, Mr. Pinkerton's heart beat quick, and he strained his eyes through the darkness for the hoped-for signal. It came, two flashes in quick succession, telling him that Timothy Webster was 'on deck' and all was well.

"Without accident the train ran upon the boat, was ferried across the river, and starting on the last stretch for Baltimore, running now through the very stronghold of Mr. Lincoln's enemies. From every bridge the white lights flashed out twice into the night, and the train rushed on. 'All's well!' 'All's well!' 'All's well!' came the signals from the faithful fellows watching in the darkness, and every time the white lights streamed into his face, Allan Pinkerton breathed forth a 'Thank God.' He had pledged his life to take Nation's President to Washington, and he was doing it. No harm had come so far, and as they drew near to Baltimore, with its plans of murder and infamy, the detective braced himself for the final crisis. What would happen here? Had any suspicion got abroad of the President's arrival? If an attack was made, would they be able to defend him? All these thoughts ran through his mind as the lights of the city came in sight.

"It was half-past three in the morning when the train drew up in the Baltimore station, just on time. The platforms were empty, the city was asleep, the conspirators had suspected nothing, the danger was past. The run on to Washington was made without accident or event, and at 6 A. M. Abraham Lincoln, leaning on the arm of Allan Pinkerton, left the train and was received by William H. Seward and General Winfield Scott, who gripped his hand with a grasp much the stronger for the anxiety they had felt. Mr. Seward's words were:

"'I was never so glad to see any one in my life as I am to see you this morning.'"

OUT OF THE COMMON.

Ancient needles were all of brass, and in size approximated our darning needles.

Women to-day are two inches taller, on an average, than they were twenty or thirty years ago.

Amulets now worn by noble families in India are believed to have been handed down 2000 years.

An albino baboon, declared to be the only one ever heard of, has arrived in Bedford, England, from South Africa.

The Roman catacombs are 580 miles in extent, and it is estimated that from 6,000,000 to 15,000,000 dead are there interred.

The depth of the Atlantic could be reduced one-half by lowering its depth 6564 feet. By lowering it three miles one could walk from Newfoundland to Ireland.

An inmate of the Peplin (Mo.) jail dug through an eighteen-inch wall with a case knife and drove off a $600 herd of cattle belonging to a farmer in the vicinity.

Were it not for the multitude of storks that throng to Egypt every winter there would be no living in some parts of the country, for after every inundation frogs appear in most incredible numbers.

In the year 1803 a perfect shower of stones fell in the farming country adjacent to L'Aigle, France—upward of 3000 separate stones falling upon a wedge-shaped section of country eight miles long by about four miles wide.

—Speaking of the great clock which is to be placed on the Philadelphia City Hall, "The Record," of that city says: "It will be a marvel of ponderous delicacy. The face of the clock must be 27 feet in diameter, and a hand 13 feet 6 inches in length would weigh close on to half a ton, and yet must move with unerring accuracy. No one yet knows who will have the honor of constructing this great mechanism, but sentiment among the Commissioners favors American manufacture, if it can be done in this country. Some time ago a European expert visited this city with reference to bidding for the work, and he maintained that its construction would occupy three years after the order was given."

—A new feature in electric railway work is an electric street sprinkler, used in Philadelphia on the suburban roads, where much dust is raised by trolley cars going at a high speed. It has two thirty-horse power motors, holds 2,700 gallons of water and can run fifteen miles an hour while sprinkling.

—John Jacob Astor and Archibald Rogers have been appointed aide-de-camp on Governor-elect Morton's military staff. Mr. Astor accepted the office and Mr. Rogers followed his example. The latter is an enthusiastic yachtsman and a warm friend of the Governor-elect, and with his wife, is very wealthy.

—The GAZETTE has a fine line of samples of ball programmes, tickets, etc. Call and get suited.

Topics in Brief.

"We do hope that when Governor Tillman reaches the Senate he will not attempt to set up a dispensary."—The North American, Philadelphia.

"Doctors and scientists say that there is no known parallel to the case of the New York child which goes blind every time it indulges in sweets, but they forget Congress and the Sugar Trust."—The Journal, Indianapolis.

"On the day after election, in a crowded car, a newsboy appeared announcing a 'Life of the Late Oliver Wendell Holmes.' Dr. J. M. Buckley threw his fellow-passengers into convulsions of merriment by asking 'Have you a 'Life of the Late David B. Hill'?'"—The Independent, New York.

"'How it feels to be buried alive' is an article in Current Science. It is anonymous, but D. B. H—ll is suspected."—The Ledger, Philadelphia.

"The new bonds might properly bear the inscription 'In loans we trust.'"—The Press, Philadelphia.

"Three masked burglars who fled, battered and bleeding, from a 200-pound Colorado woman, have reformed and joined the woman suffrage movement."—The Recorder, New York.

"The next Congress promises a startling array of efforts in the 'You'd scarcely expect one of my age' school of oratory."—The Star, Washington.

"We live rapidly nowadays. One short week whirls us from the excitement of a great election to the details of football."—The American, Baltimore.

"W. C. P. Breckinridge is going to deliver lectures throughout the country. He will be known as 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray of the platform.'"—The World, New York.

"Now that Mr. Cleveland has Li Hung Hill's yellow gubernatorial jacket nailed to the White House door, it is understood that he will let him keep his Senatorial peacock feather."—The Press, New York.

"For about two years and four months longer, President Cleveland will continue to be the highest salaried fisherman on the globe."—The Tribune, Chicago.

"'Do you think that Uncle Sam's good offices should be given to the Mikado of Japan and the Emperor of China?' said the Snake Editor to the Casual Caller.

"'Indeed, I don't!' was the prompt response. 'There are not enough good offices to go around among the Americans who want them.'"—The Chronicle-Telegraph, Pittsburg.

"The estimates of the late Czar's character by the newspapers of St. Petersburg would be more interesting if they were not so closely edited by the Government."—The Globe, Boston.

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One dollar per year, in advance.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.
THE GAZETTE will be pleased to receive at all times communications upon current topics. Anonymous communications however cannot be noticed. In all cases the writer's name is required, (not for publication) as a guarantee of good faith.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1894.

DISCIPLINE IN THE KITCHEN.

How a Guest's Order Is Disposed of In a Great Restaurant.

The waiter carries his order to a man who is known as the "dummy man" and quietly repeats it to him. The dummy takes down on a slip the number of the waiter, the time the order was given and the items of it. All this is shorthand, but not the shorthand written by the giddy young thing who chews gum and can't read her notes. The dummy man is the inventor and patentee of his own, which has its advantages, even if it does make an order look like a Chinese laundry ticket.

For instance, two short horizontal lines stand for a sirloin steak. If there is a little circle just above the lines, it means that the man who gave the order is not going to call on his fiancee and will take onions on his steak. If the circle stands at the end of the lines, it means he wants mushrooms.

When the waiter has given the order to the dummy man, his work is temporarily over. It is the dummy man who really starts the machinery. Right behind him stretch the great ranges manned by 20 cooks. Turning to them, the dummy man quietly calls off the order in its different portions. There is a cook for each department or section of the commissary, so the vegetable part of the order is turned over to the vegetable cook, the fish to the fish cook, the steaks go to the broiler, while the game, fowl and roast meats are dealt with by the carver.

When the orders have been separately prepared, they are turned over to the chef, who inspects them carefully. If they pass muster, the order goes on to the dummy man, who checks it up by his record, garnishes it, puts it on the steam table to keep hot and presses a button. This causes a drop bearing the waiter's number to fall in the dining room and is the waiter's notice that his order is ready.

People generally suppose the chef to be a busy cook working at the range with his crew of men. Such is not the case. In the modern restaurant the chef's entire duties are those of an overseer and disciplinarian. Strange as it may seem, behind the scenes it would be considered a less offense for a subordinate cook to send out a tough lobster or an underdone steak than to talk. Beyond the doors the chef is absolute master and holds each man to his work. The result speaks for itself. The entire kitchen of this mammoth restaurant runs like clockwork, and at the busiest time, when there are 500 guests without waiting to be served, a man can speak at one end of the great kitchen and be heard at the other.—Chicago Tribune.

A Lesson In Telegraphy.

Some time ago a tourist stepped into a postal telegraph office in one of our country districts, and going up to the counter wrote an address on a letter.

He was about to leave when he caught sight of a lady in charge, and lifting his hat bowed politely to her.

But the lady had lofty ideas of her official position and thus addressed the departing gentleman:

"I must say it's a pretty piece of impertinence to come to this office simply to scribble an address."

The intruder courteously responded, saying that he had hoped such a thing might be permitted in extraordinary circumstances, but that if no person was to be admitted for such a purpose he was quite prepared to send a telegram.

He then proceeded to fill up a form and handed it over to the lady, filled up in the following manner:

"The lady clerk at this office wantonly ignores every rule of civility."

The lady was struck dumb when she read the message, which was addressed to the secretary of the general postoffice and bore a well known name.

The gentleman observed her extreme confusion, and relenting quietly said:

"I don't think I'll trouble you to send that telegram unless you particularly wish, but I will express the hope that you will be a little more careful as to your language in the future."—London Tit-Bits.

Phrases From Scott and Others.

In spite of Scott's continued popularity, few people remember that from "Old Mortality" we have "A sea of upturned faces," and Byron is never thanked for "Flesh and blood can't bear it." The most humorous and least exemplary of British parsons" is known to have thought "They order things better in France" and "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," but we seldom credit him with "I saw the iron enter into his soul." Yet that keen image of grief, so often on our lips, may also be found in the "Sentimental Journey."

Cowper is comparatively little read, the immortal "John Gilpin" always excepted. Therefore we may be forgiven if the source of "Hand and glove" or "Her dear 500 friends" has slipped our memories. The same may be said of Rogers' "To know her was to love her," Congreve's "Married in haste and repent at leisure," Farquhar's "Over the hills and far away" and Southey's "March of intellect." Sir Philip Sidney, who was poet, philosopher, and, best of all, hero, should share a better fate. How many can tell that it was he who first said in English "God helps those who help themselves?"—Cornhill Magazine.

Laugh and Live Long.

It has been aptly said that there is not the remotest corner of the inlet of the minute blood vessels of the human body that does not feel some wavelet from the convulsions occasioned by good hearty laughter. The life principle of the central man is shaken to its innermost depths, sending new tides of life and strength to the surface, thus materially tending to insure good health to the persons who indulge therein.

The blood moves more rapidly and conveys a different impression to all the organs of the body as it visits them on that particular mystic journey when the man is laughing from that conveyed at other times. For this reason every good, hearty laugh in which a person indulges tends to lengthen his life, conveying as it does new and distinct stimulus to the vital forces.

Tore Two Packs of Cards.

During his visit to the Pen and Pencil Club Sandow performed the feat or trick—for it is said to be a trick—of tearing a pack of cards in two and then tearing one of the halves into quarters. This was done by Herrmann, and Dixey also does it, but all were struck with wonder when Sandow put two packs of cards together and broke them in two almost as cleanly as if cut with a knife.—Philadelphia Times.

Pasquier had a scolding wife and was accustomed to say that "a scold's speech is merely the exercise of her lungs and the patience of all who hear her." Not to be outdone by his wife, he scolded back again, and, as he said, had peace by means of constant war.

Author of a Famous Song.

The author of the well known song, "The Sweet By and By," which has been sung in almost every language on earth, is a physician at Pueblo, and his name is S. Fillmore Bennett.—Chicago Record.

The Commercial Instinct.

Teacher (in the geography class)—Tommy, what is the easiest way to get to the Pacific coast?

Tommy—Git a pass.—Chicago Record.

LONG-LIVED AMERICANS.

This Western hemisphere has many sorts of climates, but they all have in common this encouragement, in exceptional cases it is true, to great age. It has been supposed that the exceedingly variable and violent climate of some regions of our country is hostile to long life. But if we study the matter in view of multitude of instances, we see that it is not climate, or even hardship, that shortens life in the United States, for instance, but that it is worry and care, or, in other words, the furious pace at which we try to live. No attempt is made to defend the climate of New England, and yet the number of people who have attained a great age in it is positive proof that the climate is not altogether in fault for mortality. It is probable that the record would be very different if we had paid as much unworried attention to growing old as we have to fighting Indians, subduing forests, making money, and getting ahead of our neighbors. We are still as a nation very young, some physical conditions have been against us, and there has not yet been time enough to spare to show what the country can do for us in the way of longevity. In New England they are less than three lives from the landing of the Pilgrims. Among the Pilgrim records at Plymouth is a letter from Peregrine White, who was born on the Mayflower when it lay in Provincetown—the first white child born in New England. Following that is a letter from an estimable Pilgrim deacon, who lived to be 106 years old, and who testifies that he knew Peregrine White. Following that is a letter from a lady still living, at the age of ninety-two, who says that she remembers the aged deacon of 106 years. Thus less than three lives takes us back to the Landing and to the Rock, which is almost as mysterious as the aerolite, or black stone, in the Kaaba at Mecca, since it is like no other piece of granite on the Massachusetts coast. It may be mortifying to see that we have no greater antiquity than this, but the efforts of three persons to cover it is encouraging.

But it is in other regions of the continent that we must at present look for the extraordinary capacity of the New World for producing old people. Well-authenticated are cases of mission Indians in southern California who reached the ages of 120, 130, and 140. In that equable region all the great functions of nature go on with regularity, so as to induce a long running of the machine. But besides this, these old men were probably free from care, from religious doubts and scepticism and political worry and ambition, and it is testified that they were simple in their habits, temperate, and even abstemious, drinking only water, and eating little but corn, which they fitted for digestion by the vigorous action of their own grinders. Lieutenant Gibbons found in a village in Peru one hundred persons over the age of 100, and either he or another credible explorer there reports another man aged 140. He was a very temperate man, ate his food cold, and never ate meat except in the middle of the day. In the highlands of South America the habit of old age is a long established one. In Ecuador centenarians are common. The census of 1864 found in the town of Pilaguin, 11,000 feet above sea-level, about 2000 inhabitants, among whom were one hundred over 70 years of age, thirty about 80, eleven over 90, five over 100, and one who was 115. Not many years ago died in Ambato a woman named N. Cucalon, who was 114, and one Don Jose Soto, aged 120. In the year 1840, in the town of Banos, died old Morales, a vigorous carpenter to the end of his life, who was well on in years and the steward of the Jesuits when they were expelled from their property in 1767. In 1838 a witness in a judicial trial was proved to be 140 years old, having been born on the night of the great earthquake which destroyed the old town of Ambato in 1698. How much longer this man lived, who was cradled by an earthquake, is not yet reported. Mexico, notwithstanding its revolutions, is equally favorable to longevity. In the state of Vera Cruz there died a man in 1893 who was 137 years old. That he was carried off prematurely we have reason to suppose, for at Teluca, where the register is officially and carefully kept, there died only a few years ago a man aged 192.—Charles Dudley Warner, in Harper's Magazine for December.

$100 Reward, $100.

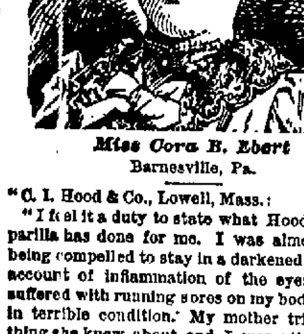
The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Almost Blind.

Inflamed Eyes and Running Sores

The Success of Hood's Causes Great Rejoicing—A Perfect Cure.



Miss Cora B. Ebert
Barnesville, Pa.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"I feel it a duty to state what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for me. I was almost blind, being compelled to stay in a darkened room on account of inflammation of the eyes. I also suffered with running sores on my body. I was in terrible condition. My mother tried every thing she knew about and I was attended by two doctors but without helping me. Finally Hood's Sarsaparilla was recommended and I had not taken two bottles before I began to get better. The inflammation left my eyes and the sores healed, and the result was that

I Became Stronger,

and was restored to perfect health. At that time I was only twelve years old; now I am nineteen and I have not since been troubled

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

with my eyes or noticed any sign of a return of the sores on my body. I can recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla as an excellent blood purifying medicine." MISS CORA EBERT, Barnesville, Pa.

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and efficiently, on the liver and bowels. 25c.

A Great Well.

At Bourne, in Lincolnshire, at a depth of 66 feet, water impregnated with iron was encountered, but this chalybeate liquid was excluded as the tubes were carried deeper. Some 12 feet lower the main spring was tapped, and the water rose very slowly up the tube, and it was 24 hours before the water overflowed. As the depth increased so did the volume of the ascending current, and by the time the well had reached the depth of 100 feet the flow was 1,300 gallons per minute, or 1,872,000 gallons per day.

Although this was an enormous flow, yet the engineers thought that by going a little deeper a still larger supply would be available. Numerous cases are on record where, under similar circumstances, the deepening of the well has resulted in complete failure. It will be readily understood that in such instances increased boring has carried the well through the nonporous rock upon which the water bearing layer rested, thus allowing the water to escape. With the Bourne well, however, the deepening of the bore hole had the desired effect, for at a depth of 120 feet the outflow increased to 1,800 gallons per minute, or no less than 2,592,000 gallons per day.—Chambers' Journal.

First Use of Potatoes In Ireland.

In the garden adjoining his house at Youghal Raleigh planted the first potatoes ever grown in Ireland. The vegetable was brought to him from the little colony which he endeavored to establish in Virginia. The colonists started in April, 1585, and Thomas Harriot, one of their number, wrote a description of the country in 1587. He describes a root which must have been the potato:

"Openauk are a kind of roots of round form, some of the bignesse of walnuts, some farre greater, which are found in moist & marish grounds growing many together one by another in ropes, as though they were fastened with a string. Being boiled they are very good meat."

The Spaniards first brought potatoes to Europe, but Raleigh was undoubtedly the first to introduce the plant into Ireland.—St. Nicholas.

One Sure Method.

There is a story of a medical student before a board of examiners to whom the question was put again and again of how he would produce perspiration in a patient. He proposed all sorts of things, to which one importunate examiner always replied:

"Well, and if that would not do?"

At last the poor young man, driven to his wits' end, exclaimed, "I would send him before this board to be examined, and I warrant that would make him perspire."—Liverpool Mercury.

Afflictions of a Great Man.

Instead of having Congress on his hands the ex-Man of Destiny now has gout in his feet.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Poor Digestion

Leads to nervousness, fretfulness, peevishness, chronic Dyspepsia and great misery. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the remedy. It tones the stomach, creates an appetite, and gives a relish to food. It makes pure blood and gives healthy action to all the organs of the body. Take Hood's for Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures.

Hood's Pills become the favorite cathartic with every one who tries them. 25c.

How Badly do you Want a Home of Your Own?

If you are really in earnest in desiring to get a home of your own write at once to Frederick Abbott, Land Commissioner, Wisconsin Central Railroad at Milwaukee, Wis., for a pamphlet which will tell you how and where you may get work at good wages and a home for yourself. [3]

MARRIED.

WILKINSON—HESLOP—On Nov. 1st, 1894, at the M. E. Parsonage by the Rev. E. E. Burriss, Mr. Albert Wilkinson to Miss Minnie Heslop.

CESSNA—SCHAEFFER—On Nov. 21st, 1894, at the M. E. Parsonage, by the Rev. E. E. Burriss, Mr. John Cessna to Miss Priscilla Schaeffer.

DIED.

BROWN—On the 28th inst, Mary A., daughter of the late Joseph and Ann Brown. Relatives and friends and respectfully invited to attend the funeral on Saturday, December 1st, at 2 o'clock from her late residence, No. 214 Otter Street. Services at the M. E. Church at 2.30 P. M.

Wanamaker's.

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, November 26, 1894.

Low-Priced Dress Goods

Yankee made and new.

Not a fresh wrinkle or a wise thought that anyone anywhere has developed in Dress Goods making has escaped these Down Easters.

Close to the import mark in styles, in varieties, in qualities—in everything but prices, there the dash has been the other way.

All-wool Mixtures, 18c.
36 in. Fancy Cheviots, 25c.
Illuminated Fancies, 37½c.

All-wool, they are, and as the general market is to-day worth 25, 37½ and 50c.

That 50c navy blue and black Serge Cheviot at 25c is another of the astonishers. All-wool, 36 in.

Check Cheviots that sold early in the season at 31c are 18c the yard.

Close by are the usual 75c Dress Goods of now in most stores, 50 in., good quality, good style, good weight. We say 45 and 50c.

All these sorts were caught in one great purchase (over 75,000 yards) and within a few days.

Paris Dress Novelties

Here and there in the grand gathering are
Broken lines
Odd pieces
Single Dress patterns

No room for waifs and strays of any sort in such an exclusive collection. Of course it is only the choicest that have come to these conditions, but no matter what the pedigree, how blue the blood, we want to be quickly rid of all the orphan sorts and small lots. Therefore:

Plaid Cheviot, $1.
46 in.; reduced from $1.50.
Tile Cheviot, $1.
44 in.; reduced from $1.50.
Stripe Mohair, $1.75.
48 in.; reduced from $3.

Wanamaker.

Wool English Cheviot, $1.50.
46 in.; reduced from $2.50.
Figured Cheviot, $1.
50 in.; reduced from $1.25.
Creponette, $2.50.
48 in.; reduced from $3.50.

For The Boys

Any Clothing thing the season calls for. Made our way—the best that wisest cloth buying and brightest tailoring can turn out. Buzz-saw cut, slap-dash sewing or skimpy sizes don't pass muster here.

And often 75c—sometimes 50c—does $1 worth for you.

Two Suit sorts—in the store yesterday for the first.

1—Fancy Cheviot, new patterns, mostly with double seats and knees, sizes 5 to 15, the $5 and $6 kinds—only 300 at $3.50 each.

2—Fancy Cheviots, sizes 5 to 15, usually sold at $4 to $5—only 203 at $3 each.

Boys' Shirt Waists.

Best quality French Percale, laundered, sizes 4 to 13. Our $1 grade go to-day to 60 cents each.

Complete assortment of Dress Shirt Waists, each with two collars, at $1 each

Bang-up School Waists, tough, neat, unlaundered Percale at 35c each.

Handkerchiefs

The Handkerchief man has been at it since the year started. Took hard thinking and hard work to outdo our Handkerchief triumphs of the past, but nothing less would satisfy. Ireland, Switzerland, France—wherever Linen Handkerchiefs are produced—the styles of every maker of moment were gone ever, sorted, culled and the worthy ones chosen.

Result: The grandest, completest, most satisfactory assortment ever gathered for retail selling on this continent.

AND AT PRICES SUCH GOODS WERE NEVER SOLD FOR HERE.

In all the vast range not one mean, fuzzy, cotton or half-cotton piece. Keep that in mind; and this other thought—that the market is flooded with that sort of pretenders.

This finger-long list suggests the range:

Men's Handkerchiefs.
Plain white, tape borders, 10c to $1.50 each.
Plain white, hemstitched, ¼, ½, 1 and 1½ inch hems, 12½c to $7 each.
Plain white, hemstitched, with hand-embroidered initial, 12½c to 75c each.
Colored woven borders, 12½c each.
Hemstitched, neat colored borders, 12½c to 50c each.
Hemstitched, mourning borders, 25c to 50c each.

Women's Handkerchiefs.
Plain white, hemstitched, 10 to 50c each.
Colored border, hemst'd, 10 to 25c each.
Mourning, hemstitched, 12½ to 50c each.
Initialed, hemstitched, 10c to 50c each.
Plain white, scalloped and embroidered, 12½c to $9 each.
Colored, scalloped and embroidered, 25c to $6 each.
Plain white, embroidered, with lace edge, 25c to $15 each.
Plain white, hemstitched, with fancy blocks, 12½c to $7.50 each.
Hemstitched and embroidered, 12½c to $6 each.

Silk Handkerchiefs.
Full lines Japanese Silk Handkerchiefs, scalloped, embroidered, hemstitched, initialed.
Old-fashioned Silk Bandannas.
Colored Silk Neck Handkerchiefs.
Brocaded Silk Mufflers, scores of sorts, 75c to $5.

Children's Handkerchiefs.

Like a shower of snowflakes, some with woven colored borders, some with printed borders, others plain white, hemstitched, scalloped and embroidered.

If desired Handkerchiefs will be put up in handsome boxes without extra charge.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Boarders Wanted.

Ladies and gentlemen can have nicely furnished rooms and good board at reasonable prices. Apply to 219 Jefferson Avenue.

Wanted.

An old claw-foot sofa and high leg old mahogany sideboard—cheap Address, Box 145, Bristol, Pa.

Wanted.

A resident Saleswoman of good address, push and ability, to canvass the Grocery trade of the town, introducing and exhibiting a popular, quick-selling article. Big commissions. T'will make you money. Address, giving good references. "HASTY LUNCH, P. O. Box 672, New York City."

Dr. H. C. TERRY,

VETERINARIAN.

Graduate of AMERICAN VETERINARY COLLEGE, New York City.

Headquarters
COMFORT'S LIVERY STABLE,
Cedar St., above Dorrance, Bristol.
Telegrams and Letters promptly attended to.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

ARE YOU CONSUMPTIVE
Use Parker's Ginger Tonic. It cures the worst Cough, Weak Lungs, Debility, Indigestion, Pain, Take in time. 50 cts.
HINDERCORNS. The only sure cure for Corns. Stops all pain. 15c. at Druggists, or HISCOX & CO., N. Y.

Miscellaneous

New October Ideas.

A NEW DRESS

WHAT more interesting to the average woman just now unless it be the question where she can find the best and prettiest variety at the lowest prices. We do not claim the largest store in the United States, but we do claim as fine a stock of new Dress Goods as was ever seen in this town and as low prices as can be found anywhere else.

Fine Covert Suitings, 42 inches wide, 50c. Made to retail at 75c.
Fancy Iridescent Suitings, 38 inches wide, 45c.
Colored Serges, 45 inches wide.
All Wool Henriettas, 45 inches wide.
Fine All Wool French Plaids.
A large variety of Cotton Plaids at 12½c.
Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's Winter Underwear at Bargain Prices.
Ladies' Extra Heavy Ribbed Cotton Vests and Pants at 25c the garment.
Gentlemen's Natural Wool and Scarlet Shirts and Drawers.
Children's Fine Natural Scarlet and White Shirts, Drawers and Pants.

INCOMPARABLE BLANKET PRICES.

10 x 4 Blankets, (not all wool) 50c.
Blankets, 10 x 4 and 11 x 4, from 50c to $6 a pair.
In this season of putting up stoves OIL CLOTHS for same are necessary, of which you will find a large assortment here.
Also Carpets at Low Prices.

J. Wesley Wright,
Mill Street, Bristol, Pa.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE Farmers' National Bank of Bucks Co.
At Bristol, in the State of Pennsylvania at the close of business, October 2d, 1894.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	$498,884 55
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	40,000 00
U. S. Bonds on hand	6,000 00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds	787 50
Stocks, securities, etc.	55,588 53
Banking-house, furniture and fixtures	9,500 00
Due from National Banks (not Reserve Agents)	2,367 79
Due from approved reserve agents	35,338 09
Checks and other cash items	2,144 86
Notes of other National Banks	204 00
Nickels and cents	98 04
LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN BANK viz:	
Specie $36,240 00	
Legal tender notes 28,760 00	65,000 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer, (5 per cent. of circulation)	1,800 00
TOTAL	$715,803 36

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$ 92 220 00
Surplus fund	120,000 00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	15,776 56
National Bank notes outstanding	31,080 00
Due to other National Banks	6,362 23
Due to State Bank and bankers	478 99
Dividends unpaid	250 00
Individual deposits subject to check	449,031 88
TOTAL	$715,803 36

State of Penna., County of Bucks, ss:
I, Charles E. Scott, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly affirm that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
CHARLES E. SCOTT, Cashier.
Subscribed and affirmed to before me this 5th day of October, 1894.
W. H. BOOZ, Notary Public.
CORRECT—Attest:
BENJ. J. TAYLOR,
L. A. HOGUET, } Directors
EDWARD SWAIN,

AGENTS WANTED FOR OUR NEW BOOK
by America's Greatest Humorist,
Mark Twain.
Every one of his previous books have had immense sales. His new book surpasses anything he has heretofore written. Two stories in one volume. A Tragedy and a Comedy. A great chance for agents. We give exclusive territory. For terms and full particulars address,
J. W. KEELER & Co., 626 Arch St., Phila

The Advertisers FOR 1895.

MORNING, EVENING, SUNDAY AND WEEKLY EDITIONS.

Aggressive Republican Journals of the Highest Class.

Commercial Advertiser.
Established 1797. Published every evening. New York's oldest evening newspaper. Subscription price, $6.00 per year.

Morning Advertiser.
Published every morning. The leading Republican newspaper of the day. Clean and fearless. Subscription price, $3.00 per year.

Sunday Advertiser.
New York's most popular Sunday newspaper. The only Republican 2-cent Sunday paper in the United States. 20 to 36 pages. Subscription price, $1.00 per year.

As an Advertising Medium
The ADVERTISERS have no superior.

Samples free. Agents wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions.
Address THE ADVERTISER, 29 Park Row, New York.

Farmers' National Bank of Bucks Co.
BRISTOL, PA., Nov. 5, 1894.
THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS have this day declared a dividend of EIGHT PER CENT, payable on demand, clear of all taxes.
CHARLES E. SCOTT, Cashier.

Assignee's Notice.
Assigned Estate of ENOCH M. ELDRIDGE, of Bristol Borough.
The undersigned hereby gives notice that Enoch M. Eldridge has made a general assignment to him for the benefit of his creditors. All persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present the same, without delay, to
JOHN C. STUCKERT, Assignee.

Miscellaneous

An Ordinance

Repealing an Ordinance entitled "An Ordinance concerning erections extending into the footways of the streets of Bristol borough," enacted the Twenty-seventh day of September, A. D. 1853.

The Burgess and Council of the Borough Bristol do ordain:

SECTION 1. That an ordinance entitled "An Ordinance concerning erections extending into the footways of the streets of Bristol borough," enacted the 27th day of September, A. D. 1853, be and the same is hereby repealed.

SEC. [2]. That whenever hereafter any building to which there may be attached or pertain any encroachment or erection heretofore set up and maintained under the authority of the aforesaid ordinance of September 27, 1853, shall be torn down, that then and in such case any encroachment or erection so pertaining thereto shall be removed and shall not be re-erected.

Enacted into an Ordinance at the Council Chamber of the Borough of Bristol this 8th day of October, 1894.

THOMAS B. HARKINS, Burgess.
Attest—J. WESLEY WRIGHT, Clerk.

An Ordinance

Regulating the granting of permits for the erection or alteration of buildings in the Borough of Bristol.

The Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol do ordain:

SECTION 1. That from and after the passage of this ordinance it shall not be lawful for any person or persons, firm or corporation, to erect, construct or alter any store-house, factory, dwelling house or any other building within the corporate limits of the Borough of Bristol without having first taken out a permit therefor as hereinafter provided.

SEC. 2. That whenever any person or persons, firm or corporation shall be desirous of erecting, constructing or altering any store-house, factory, dwelling-house or any other building within the corporate limits aforesaid, he or they shall first make application in writing to the Town Clerk for a permit for that purpose. Said application shall be made out upon a printed form approved by the Committee of Streets and Highways of the Borough Council and furnished to applicants free of charge, and shall set forth name of applicant; whether owner or contractor; the location of the building proposed to be erected, the name of the owner thereof, the dimensions and manner of construction of the same, or the nature of the proposed additions or alterations with the estimated cost of such new buildings. Said application shall also set forth the number of feet in the public street desired to be used for the temporary storage of building material and the length of time for which it is desired so to use such portion of the highway.

SEC. 3. That upon receipt of such application it shall be the duty of the Town Clerk to issue a permit as aforesaid, upon the payment of the following fees, to wit:

For each new building whereof cost of construction shall be one thousand (1,000) dollars or less, three (3) dollars.
For each new building costing over one thousand (1,000) dollars and not exceeding five thousand (5,000) dollars, six (6) dollars.
For each new building costing five thousand (5,000) dollars and exceeding fifteen thousand (15,000) dollars, ten (10) dollars.
For each new building costing over fifteen thousand (15,000) dollars, for each additional thousand dollars, fifty (50) cents.
For alterations or additions where cost will not exceed one thousand (1,000) dollars, two (2) dollars.
For alterations or additions where cost exceeds one thousand (1000) dollars, for each five hundred (500) dollars additional, twenty-five (25) cents.

For use of street for depositing material, 1 cent per week per lineal foot, no permit to be issued for less space than five lineal feet or less sum than fifty (50) cents per week or fraction thereof. PROVIDED, that no permit shall be issued for the use or occupancy of any street, lane or alley for a longer period than four months at one time; and PROVIDED FURTHER, that no permit for such use or occupancy shall be construed as to release from any loss or damage to which any owner or contractor may become liable on account of such use or occupancy as aforesaid, by virtue of permits granted under the provisions of this ordinance.

SEC. 4. That any individual, firm or corporation who shall erect, construct, alter or repair any dwelling-house, store-house, factory, or any other building within the limits of the Borough aforesaid, without having first taken out a permit as hereinbefore provided, shall forfeit and pay for the use of the Borough the sum of Fifty Dollars, to be recovered as debts of like amount are now by law recoverable, together with costs of prosecution.

SEC. 5. That the space to be occupied in any public street, lane or alley aforesaid for the temporary storage of building material shall not exceed in length the frontage of the premises about to be built upon or repaired and forty feet in addition thereto, the deposit of material shall not exceed eight feet in width and ten feet in height, and shall not extend more than one foot over the curbstone. A gutterway shall be left along the curb twelve inches high with clean out holes, 12x18 inches, at least twenty feet apart. A sufficient passage or cartway shall at all times be left unencumbered between such building material and the opposite curbstone for passage of vehicles, and no building material shall be placed within four feet of any fire plug or flagstone crossing. Should it be necessary to erect temporary scaffolding over any sidewalk, such scaffolding may be put up under the direction of the Building Inspector, who shall see that it is made and maintained safe, and so constructed as to allow a clear headway of not less than seven feet, and that it shall be built so as to give a clear width of not less than six feet on the sidewalk. Any person, firm or corporation, owner of premises under construction, alteration or repair failing to comply with the requirements of this section, shall forfeit and pay for the use of the Borough, Ten Dollars for each day or fraction thereof during which such non-compliance with said requirements shall continue, to be recovered as debts of like amount are now by law recoverable, with costs of prosecution.

SEC. 6. That it shall be the duty of persons, owners or contractors placing building material, or making any excavation upon, or across the cartway of any public highway in said Borough, to place and keep thereon a lighted lantern of red glass from sunset to sunrise. Where such obstruction or excavation shall exceed ten feet in length or breadth one such lantern shall be placed at each end thereof. Any person neglecting or refusing to comply with this section shall for each offense forfeit and pay for the use of the Borough the sum of Five Dollars, recoverable as debts of like amount are by law recoverable, with costs of prosecution.

SEC. 7. That no permit shall be issued for the erection of any stable with in fifty feet of the line of any street within the Borough aforesaid. PROVIDED, that upon corner properties, or upon properties adjoining a corner property, permits may be issued for the erection of stables within any distance from the side street upon a certificate signed by the Committee on Streets and Highways that application has been made to said Committee for the privilege, and that the same has been approved by said Committee.

SEC. 8. That an ordinance entitled "An Ordinance to regulate the granting of building permits in the Borough of Bristol, and fix the price of the same," enacted 13th day of April, A. D., 1874, as well as all other ordinances which in any manner conflict or are inconsistent with the provisions of the foregoing ordinance, be and the same are hereby repealed.

Enacted into an Ordinance at the Council Chamber of the Borough of Bristol this 8th day of October, A. D. 1894.

THOMAS B. HARKINS, Burgess.
Attest—J. WESLEY WRIGHT, Clerk.

Columbia Bicycle
Agent also for
Derby, Hartford, Crescent
And other leading makes.—

NEW AND SECOND-HAND WHEELS on hand at Lowest Prices.

Repairing Promptly Attended to.

C. R. THOMPSON,
611 BATH ST. 321 DORRANCE ST.
BRISTOL, PA.

PHOTOGRAPHS!
Only 25c PER DOZEN
ECTYPES
THE NEW PHOTOGRAPHS.

Send a cabinet or card picture and I will make you one dozen small photographs, handsomely finished, for 25 cents, and return your photograph.

H. VANTINE,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
Morrisville, Pa.

Miscellaneous

IF IN NEED OF

Advertising Cards
Billheads and Badges
Cards
Dance Orders
Envelopes
Fancy Work
Gummed Labels
Hand Bills
Illustrated Circulars
Job Printing
Knome Kuts
Lodge Printing
Manila Tags
Noteheads
Our Prices Low
Pamphlets
Quick Work
Rosters
Society Printing
Tickets and Tags
Unexcelled Work
Visiting Cards
Wedding Invitations
Xpress Prepaid
You will find us
Zealous to please.

—Call at—
THE GAZETTE OFFICE,
Radcliffe and Walnut Streets,
Bristol, Penn'a.

Where to Attend School

We impart a thorough knowledge of the COMMERCIAL STUDIES at the cost of less time and money than other schools. THOUSANDS owe their success in life (so they say) to the training they received here. We made BREAD-WINNERS of them. We want you to know us: write and we will tell you all about this LIVE SCHOOL. N. B. We assist graduates to positions. PALMS BUSINESS COLLEGE, 1708-1710 Chestnut St., PHILA.

R. A. THOMPSON & SONS, BRISTOL, PA. BEST GOODS. CASH SALES. LOWEST PRICES.

HEADQUARTERS FOR
CANNED GOODS
Sole Agents for THE FAVORITE Brand Tomatoes, June Peas, Corn, String Beans, Lima Beans.
Largest Stock of Reliable Groceries at Lowest Cash Prices.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS

The Queen of Fall Flowers are now in full bloom. Pot plants of 'Mums are now ready for sale. Also Cosmos, Violets, Carnations and other fall flowers.

Nice Rose Buds 25 cents per dozen.

Palms, Blooming Plants and Ferns in great variety.

Hyacinths for pots and glasses 10 cents each, 3 for 25 cents.

A fine lot of Palms, must be sold to make room, will sell very cheap.

Shade Trees and Grape Vines—everything for the garden and lawn.

Decorative plants for weddings and balls. Bouquets and floral designs at short notice. Visitors are always welcome.

J. T. DeWITT,
POND STREET,
Above Walnut

Dr. C. H. DILTS,
—DENTIST,—
Has removed to—
221 E. State St., TRENTON, N. J.
Will be at his former office
326 Mill St., BRISTOL, PA.,
Every MONDAY and SATURDAY

Swarthmore College,
Swarthmore, Pa.
Under care of Friends. Opens 9th month 18th, 1894. Full College Courses for young men and young women, leading to Classical, Engineering, Scientific and Literary degrees. Machine shops, laboratories and libraries. For Catalogue and particulars address
CHARLES DeGARMO, Ph.D., President.

THE SCHOOL———o
and KINDERGARTEN
Will be Re-opened——o
September 26, 1894.
A. N. IREDELL,
Radcliffe Street, Bristol, Pa.

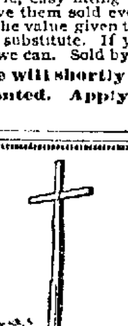
W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING.

$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF.
$4.$3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO
$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES.
$2.50 $2. WORKINGMENS EXTRA FINE.
$2.$1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.
·LADIES·
$3.$2.50 $2.$1.75 BEST DONGOLA.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE
W·L·DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

You can save money by purchasing W. L. Douglas Shoes,
Because, we are the largest manufacturers of advertised shoes in the world, and guarantee the value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protects you against high prices and the middleman's profits. Our shoes equal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them sold everywhere at lower prices for the value given than any other make. Take no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can. Sold by

Dealer, whose name will shortly appear here. Agent wanted. Apply at once.

THIS CROSS



Is the exact reproduction of one set up nearly a half century ago by the JESUIT Missionaries to the FLATHEAD INDIANS in Montana. It is upright in the ground in front of an old church in which these Indians have knelt and worshiped for Lo, all these years.

The history of this old Indian Mission of ST. IGNATIUS is very interesting. Send CHAS. S. FEE, Gen. Pass. Agent, Northern Pacific R. R., at St. Paul, Minn., six cents in postage and your address and he will send you a beautiful booklet, with colored illustrations, telling all about this and other old Indian Missions in Montana and Idaho.

Beautiful California.

Parties contemplating coming to the Pacific Coast, Merchants, Farmers, Mechanics, Clerks or Laborers (male or female) for employment, to purchase land or engage in business, send 25 cts. money order for Maps, Circulars, Illustrated Books, Papers and General Information of the Pacific Coast. E. W. REID & CO., 116 W. First Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

Notice of Lost Certificate.

Notice is hereby given that a certificate for two shares of stock in the Bristol Water Company issued to Mary B. Burton having been lost, application for the issue of a new certificate for the said stock has been made, and that on and after four weeks from this date the said certificate will be void unless previously delivered to the undersigned, and a new certificate will be issued in place thereof.
ANTHONY BURTON, Administrator.
Nov. 15, 1894.

Miscellaneous

Peirce School
The Representative Business School of America for Both Sexes.
Second, Third and Fourth Floors of THE RECORD BUILDING, 917-919 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.
Thirty Years Under One Management.
Thomas May Peirce, A. M., Ph. D., Principal and Founder.
DAY AND EVENING SESSIONS.
This is a High Grade School, which couples a good English education with a systematic business training. Ex President Harrison says of it: "It has an eminently practical curriculum."
A complete all-round equipment for business life, Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Correspondence, Customs, Commercial Law, Banking, etc.
Graduates are Successfully .....Assisted to Positions.
Peirce School is headquarters for the Mercantile Community and is called upon when young men and women are needed for counting room or office.
The Fall and Winter Term will begin on MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1894.
Entrance examinations held daily throughout the year. Enrollment blanks on application.
Call or send for descriptive printed matter concerning the School.

C. Williamson,
PAPER HANGER,
Dealer in Wall Papers,
Cor. Mill and Pond Streets,
BRISTOL, PA.

Dr. C. E. King,
DENTIST,
202 Mill Street, Bristol,
(Over Pursell's Drug Store)
Teeth extracted without pain, 50 cents.

Cholerine Mixture
is an old and valuable Medicine for Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, Dysentery and other troubles of the intestines.
Every family should have it in case of sudden attacks.
50c. a bottle
—at—
Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

MINSTER & BAKER,
(Successors to Stroeble & Son.)
DEALERS IN
UPPER LEHIGH, LATIMER and HAZLETON
COAL
WOOD, FLOUR, FEED, ETC.
Office: Bath & Otter Sts.
Orders received at E.W. Minster's Livery Office, Pond Street, near P. R. R. Depot.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
EPPS'S COCOA
BREAKFAST—SUPPER.
"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided for our breakfast and supper a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.
Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by Grocers, labelled thus:
JAMES EPPS & CO., Ltd., Homœopathic Chemists London, England.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

The Bucks County Gazette.

Entered at the Bristol Post Office as second class matter.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1894.

THROUGH LIFE.

We light the gifts that every season bears
And let them fall unheeded from our grasp
In our great eagerness to reach and clasp
The promised treasure of the coming years.

Or else we mourn some great good passed away,
And, in the shadow of our grief shut in,
Refuse the lesser good we yet might win,
The offered peace and gladness of today.

So through the chambers of our life we pass
And leave them one by one and never stay,
Not knowing how much pleasantness there was
In each until the closing of the door
Has sounded through the house and died away,
And in our hearts we sigh, "Forevermore."
—Boston Woman's Journal.

A BOSTON ROMANCE.

I was 18. He was ten years my senior. He was my first lover, and I was convinced that no girl ever had one so devoted and kind, so noble and high minded, and that possessed of such business capacity. This last was indeed, in the eyes of my mother, sine qua non. Without it the other qualities combined would have been utterly worthless. He was owner of an ample fortune, which he had inherited, but it was well invested and the interest allowed to accumulate, so that one day he might be a gentleman of leisure.

Meantime he was employed at a salary of $3,000 a year, preferring that to being in business on his own account. He had traveled extensively and appeared in many ways much older than his years. In conversation I have never met his superior, seldom his equal. We were introduced one day in August on the beach, and for the next two weeks we walked on the beach, we drove on the beach, we sat on the beach watching the flowing tide come in, we stood on the beach looking at the moon shining with all her might on the quivering waves, and then we plighted our troth on the beach and left it an engaged couple.

He had, I soon found, a masterful way that caused one to carry out his suggestions instinctively—overlaid, however, with a great gentleness of manner and a persuasiveness not to be resisted. The gloves were so soft that the iron hand was successfully hidden, even from those far more experienced and keen of perception than myself. It was something new for me to be thus controlled. An only child, I had possessed the knack of making the household bend to my will ever since I could remember, but I had met my match in Jerome Crocker.

The middle of September came. At this time my mother and I had usually left the shore for beautiful Lenox, where we found the social atmosphere most congenial to us, but this year my Jerome required my presence in the city. He was longing for my society. We could take long drives in the suburbs in the late afternoon, walks in the evening—in short, we could be together, which was the proper thing for the betrothed couple.

To my amazement and—shall I confess it?—a little disappointment, which I did not understand, my mother agreed with him, and to town we returned. I found now that I was taken in hand with a vengeance. Jerome monopolized nearly all of my time. He planned my employment for the day by mapping out in black and white the manner in which he expected me to pass the hours when he could not be with me.

He informed me that I was not methodical in my pursuits, which was true enough, I thought, with a sigh. His intention was evidently to revolutionize my habits, tastes and temperament also, if that were possible. Beginning with piano music, he laid down the rule that I must practice four hours each day without fail, no more no less—just that.

He prescribed two hours for five finger exercises and the remaining two on one of Beethoven's most difficult sonatas, which he had selected, and which he wished me to make a special study. Now, I had been in the habit of practicing when and how I liked, and though I had studied for three years or more with one of the most competent instructors my playing, judged from an artistic standpoint, was careless and slipshod, but having great musical intelligence I was enabled easily to master difficulties of execution, and it was necessary for me only to apply myself to steady and conscientious practice to attain a fair degree of excellence in the mechanical part of the art at least.

My reading was next taken in hand. On being catechised it was found that I was woefully ignorant in regard to most of the standard writers.

Carlyle? No! I had never read a sentence of that virile, dogmatic old worthy. Accordingly a dose of the "French Revolution" was administered. One hour a day was to be spent in gazing at the series of lurid pictures thrown off at white heat by this grand impressionist, fired with indignation at the slow, sad years of injustice and tyranny.

Jerome spent nearly every evening with me, and I was fully questioned as to my progress. Alas, a disgraceful pluck too often awaited me! I had seldom made out my four hours of practice, owing to callers engagements with dressmakers or headaches. The last I began to have in plenty. And the "French Revolution!" I could not grasp the situation or understand two consecutive sentences and was helpless to make out in the least what all these people who seemed so terribly in earnest were trying to do.

That ponderous work was accordingly replaced by "David Copperfield," which I should have heartily enjoyed had I not felt that I was regarded by Jerome in the light of another Dora Spenlow. I had an underlying conviction that the story was given to me that I might see how small and insignificant a poor little brainless woman can be in the eyes of a bright, intellectual man. I am of the opinion to this day that Jerome had an ulterior object in selecting that charming book just at that time. As I look back on that strange year of my youth, which was a veritable storm and stress period, I marvel at my blindness and complete infatuation. My will was entirely merged into that of Jerome. His calm assumption and quiet firmness in laying down rules for me were like the commands laid on the hapless Six Hundred.

His voice was rich and melodious, and his manner polished to courtliness, with not a shade of sternness, even when, as was so often the case, he must have been sadly disgusted at my lack of appreciation of subjects in which he found so much to enjoy. Strange to say, he made no adverse criticism on my style of dress. It is true I was always consummately clothed left alone by my own taste, but because I was allowed to go to the best dressmakers without regard to expense.

Jerome told me frankly that he admired the air of elegance in my slender figure, the slight droop of the head, the swanlike throat, the small Greek nose and delicate chin. The type was patrician.

The chin had a receding slope, however. He was a little afraid of that. He feared it meant weakness of character. I knew his diagnosis was correct there, beyond question. The winter passed and the spring. It was arranged that our marriage should take place the coming October. And now I began to lose my appetite and strength. My parents were much alarmed, and Jerome especially so. A European voyage was discussed by the three most solicitous for my welfare and finally decided upon, but for some reason which I could not myself understand my will in this matter asserted itself. I so violently opposed the plan that it was given up, though most reluctantly.

I had it in mind that I was sinking into a decline, and I wanted to die in my own country. In a dim sort of way I felt that a great change was in store for me in the coming summer—some crisis in my life—and my languor and depression of spirits caused me to picture my own death. I had even mentally arranged the deathbed scene and the probable time of my demise, which I thought would be either in July or August. I was, in fact, in a deplorably morbid state of mind.

My reading and music were of course given up. I had fainted while at the piano, and the physician whom we had known since my childhood issued his mandate that I was to do nothing in music during the summer, and that my reading, if I read at all, must be of the lightest and most trashy nature. The 1st of July found us again at the seashore—at the place where we had first met the year before.

Jerome's passion for the ocean was, if possible, greater than ever. He seemed really satisfied and at ease only when he was near the water or on it, a liking which I did not share, though I was usually his companion when he went on his sailing excursions. One evening I had started alone for a stroll on the beach, leaving Jerome on the hotel piazza talking business with a friend. The sun was setting when he joined me, and we stood in silence watching its disappearance below the horizon line.

"Let us walk down to the little cove and take a boat and go for a short row."

My heart grew sick with apprehension. "It is too late," I urged. "It would be dark long before we could get back."

"Not at all. The moon will be up, and, see, there are others starting out. We shall have company about us, even if we do not know them."

"I feel somehow," I insisted, "as if I cannot go on the water tonight."

"Because?" he queried.

"I cannot tell why, but you know, Jerome, I never oppose you—just now, however"—

"Nor must you now," he said, taking my hands and looking into my eyes with his kindly, searching gaze.

"But the ocean is so large and our boat so small."

"Yes, but I know the ocean and love it. We are on the best of terms. You know, too, that I handle the oars with the skill of a professional oarsman."

By this time we had reached the cove, and the man in charge of the boats had one in readiness for us.

The strong will made me obey, as it always did, and I stepped into the boat. As we pushed off I saw a small cloud coming up out of the west. A sick fear came over me, and the certainty crept into my brain that the crisis I had been dreading was hanging over me.

But I said nothing. Jerome had no sympathy with frightened women. The cloud grew larger and blacker. It was incomprehensible to me that a man with such cool judgment and so large an amount of caution as Jerome possessed did not at once turn back. The other boats were all coming in, but still we went on. It grew darker. The whole appearance of the night seemed ghastly to me. The ocean lay very black, the breathings of the wind just rippling the water. A thin, shadowy vapor came and hid the moon. Now the breeze died out, and the atmosphere grew hot.

In the extreme west the shade of the heavens was of a dismal slate, and the lightning was winking like stars, dancing madly in among the gloom. I sat motionless in the middle of the boat, strangely and unnaturally calm, watching the growth of the storm. The gloom stole gradually into darkness, as though a giant hand was warily drawing a sable curtain about us. Twice I tried to ask if he were trying to row homeward, but I could not articulate a word. And now came a vivid flash of forked lightning. It showed me Jerome's handsome face, pale as death, the features set and rigid. The crash of thunder that followed was terrific.

When the peal had died away, something came to my crippled consciousness as decisive and hopeless as a sentence of death to a criminal. "We are doomed, my dear child, but at least we can die together. I could not have gone without you." The wind rose, and our boat began dancing on the crests of the waves as lightly as a bird on a clover top. I thought I saw not far off a boat larger than ours with some one in it, but was not sure that it was not a fancy of mine, born of a dim hope that we might be saved. A thousand lights danced before my eyes; my senses were leaving me; my feet grew icy cold and felt as if they were in water, which was indeed the case.

All at once the boat gave a whirl and plunge, and I knew no more. When the morning dawned, clear and cool, I found myself lying in the boathouse blanketed and shawled, with my mother and other friends about me. Why did I not inquire in regard to the fate of Jerome? I hardly knew, but I did not.

"Mr. Crocker has just gone up to the hotel to dry and warm himself," volunteered one of my friends. "We begged him to go. We assured him we would send him word directly you regained your consciousness."

After a fortnight had passed, during which time we had not seen much of each other, Jerome being laid up with symptoms of an illness which was only warded off, I am sure, by the strength of his iron will, I became aware of a distinct change in my illusions. My nature, hitherto "tumbling about among incongruities," had found its feet and was planted on the firm ground of consistency.

I began to discern with clearing vision the real future. The pearly dawn had changed into a shadowy darkness which showed me images ill shaped and hideous.

"What would my life be," I repeatedly asked myself, "if spent under the control of a temperament so exacting, demanding the absorption of my whole being into his? Simply moral and mental annihilation."

In our long talk on that distressing subject, which I saw his keen perception had in a measure anticipated, he listened to my decision and accepted his destiny with characteristic calmness, and with a pale face and features set and rigid left me forever. I am married to a man who has no marked intellectual gifts, but who possesses a cheery nature and acquiescent temper, which create about him an easy, indefinite atmosphere, like the haze of Indian summer over a landscape.—Boston Transcript.

Wonders of the Eye.

In an article on the human eye written by Dr. Austin Flint the following passage occurs: "Viewed as an optical instrument, the human eye may well be called perfect, for it is an apparatus contained in a globe less than an inch in diameter, in which is produced an image, practically perfect in form and color, and which can be accurately adjusted almost instantly for every distance from five inches to infinity, which is movable in every direction, has an area small enough for the detection of the most minute details and at the same time large enough for the appreciation of large objects, and which enables us to see all shades of color and to estimate distance, solidity, and, to some extent, the consistency of objects." And yet this wonderful instrument, perhaps the most varied in its capabilities of any part of the body, is persistently misused and neglected. Is it any wonder that some day nature resents this treatment and leaves the offender in total and perpetual darkness?—New York Ledger.

Raleigh's Personal Courage.

One instance of Raleigh's personal courage may be mentioned—a courage that was afterward so conspicuous in many a sea fight. At one time, when he had only five or six men with him, he was surprised by the seneschal of Imokilly at the head of 14 horse and threescore kerns (light armed men) at a ford between Youghal and Cork. Raleigh himself forced his way across the ford. His Irish guide "shifted for himself." The horse of one of his followers fell midstream, and his rider would assuredly have been killed had not Raleigh returned, and in the face of great odds rescued him and waited, pistol in hand, until the rest of his little band were safely over.—St. Nicholas.

The Family Scrapbook.

Mrs. Sauers (to Willy, as minister calls to see Mr. Sauers)—Willy, is your father in?

Willy—Yes, he's up stairs looking over your scrapbook.

Mrs. Sauers (puzzled)—You mean my family account book?

Willy—Well, it's all the same. He and you always have a scrap every time he goes over it.—Cincinnati Tribune.

THE OFFICE SCISSORS.

Oh, the clinking of the scissors in the editorial den
As they glide through the exchanges crisp and bright,
It is certain, very certain, they are mightier than the pen,
And they make a lot more music day and night!

The scissors,
The scissors—
They are mightier than the pen,
And their music
Makes a jingle
In the editorial den!

Just think of all the items that they gather day by day,
The brains they cut to pieces as they fly!
Spring, summer, fall or winter—how they earn their scanty pay!
Still toiling through the weather, wet or dry!

The scissors,
The scissors—
They are mightier than the pen,
And they're still the finest factor
In the making of great men!
—Atlanta Constitution.

AN EXPERIMENT.

There were excellent reasons—which have lost force now—for hushing up the story of the fire at Portal abbey. That Sir Geoffrey Steyne caused it was known in a very few hours, for several of Mr. Hudson's servants overheard his angry reproaches, but the facts have not been published, and they are worth noting.

It was hinted at the time that the Steynes had never forgiven the purchasers of their ancient seat. This is absurd. The families were friendly enough till, 30 years ago, Mr. Hudson, father of the present, began to "improve" the abbey. Among other dreadful deeds, he transformed the private chapel into a billiard room. Sir Herbert Steyne took proceedings, under an old statute, to prevent this outrage, but he had to drop the action, finding himself unable to prove that the building had ever been consecrated. Then the acquaintance broke off naturally. As a matter of fact, I believe that none of the present generation had so much as seen each other until this story opened.

Sir Geoffrey Steyne, his fortune recruited by a long minority, spent abroad for the most part, led a shooting expedition from the Zambezi right up to the domain of the East African company, where Captain Hudson, R. E., was surveying at the time. A quarrel arose with the natives, the camp was attacked, and Hudson arrived only just in time to save the party. He spent but a few hours in their company, sending them down to the coast next day under escort, but Sir Geoffrey's character struck him.

"I never saw such a fellow," he wrote home. "It's absurd to suppose he was drunk. A drunken man doesn't fight in that way, especially when wounded in half a dozen places, but if it isn't anything spirituous which flows in that boy's veins it's quicksilver." And he proceeded to detail which interested his sister Madeleine. She was not a pattern young lady—much too fond of fun, which seemed all the more delightful if it had a spice of mischief.

Some weeks afterward Sir Geoffrey reached England and called on the family of his preserver. The conversation opened with all decorum, but when the young man had expressed his thanks—very nicely, too—he broke loose, just as Captain Hudson described. I have no space for samples of his humor, which, in truth, was little more than the outburst of abnormal vivacity, amusing enough to any hearer, but especially to young people as thoughtless and as ready to laugh as Madeleine—not adapted for transcription, however. That sort of man makes acquaintance rapidly. George Hudson begged him to call whenever he had time, and Madeleine seconded the invitation with her eyes.

When he had gone, she looked at her brother, and both laughed. Mr. Hudson expressed their thought. "So early in the afternoon!" he murmured. "Dear, dear, such a fine young man too!"

The call was returned, of course. Then Lady Steyne made advances. Her son had passed the age when, as she thought, a young man of property ought to marry, but hitherto, in the literal sense of the words, he had regarded no young lady seriously. Madeleine on her best behavior seemed a most desirable match, and she was very pretty.

So the acquaintance grew, not with Mr. Hudson's approval, but that signified nothing. As time went on the first natural explanation of Sir Geoffrey's high spirits became rather doubtful. He refused to drink anything besides water and tea. Most people would have felt quite sure that the suspicion was quite unjust, but Mr. Hudson had drunkenness on the brain, as they say. He regarded that as the mainspring of events at large, public and private, in this realm of England. And Madeleine, of course, had imbibed something of his fancy.

Sir Geoffrey was telling stories one day when he was interrupted. "Do you mean literally that you can jump off a horse going at full gallop and shoot an antelope right and left? Can you do it in the park?"

"Trot out the antelope, and I will try."

"That's not necessary. Let us see you jump off, and we'll imagine the antelopes."

"Do you offer any prize?"

"Yes; I'll believe every word you say hereafter!"

"Oh, this is the listener I have prayed for from my youth up! I will reward you, Miss Hudson, with adventures never yet confided to mortal. Where's the horse? Give me a winchester, George, and I'll throw the shooting in. The brook meadow would be a good makeshift for a veldt, I think."

As they walked thither Madeleine began to quake. George overtook them with a groom and a lead horse.

"Oh, the wretched boy has brought Rasper!" she exclaimed. "He's much too spirited!"

"We take them as they come. Now, Miss Hudson, here is the first trial of the confidence you have sworn."

"You have not earned it yet."

"Well, if you're so punctilious, for a few minutes more you may cherish the fancy that those two objects," pointing, "are young trees, not antelopes."

Rasper approached, fretting and tossing.

"Oh, don't try it, please," Madeleine cried. "I'll accept your word."

"Heaven will forgive you the fib, I hope. Now, George, the rifle!"

"I say! There are men working yonder!"

"Tell them not to get behind those young trees. A winchester hits hard!" And he sprang into the saddle.

"Behind the trees!" George murmured. "Well, he has a cheek!"

Madeleine was white with alarm as Sir Geoffrey returned up the meadow full gallop. He unslung the rifle. She clutched George's arm. Suddenly, with a cheer, he drew his feet from the stirrups. Madeleine saw no more! But on the instant shots rang out, one after another, till the magazine was emptied.

"Now, Miss Hudson!" Sir Geoffrey laughed. "Prepare to change all your views about everything under my direction. You were not frightened surely? Why, Afrikander boys can perform that feat at 10 years old."

"Then I'm not surprised their fathers beat us at Majuba Hill," cried George. "Every bullet hit."

He galloped home and met them at the hall door with a tankard. Sir Geoffrey declined it.

"Are you a teetotaler?" Madeleine asked rather ironically.

"I don't know, but I never felt an inclination to drink anything but water."

George whispered in a stage aside, "My dear, he has begun to reward you with thumpers already."

Sir Geoffrey only laughed.

That was the explanation, of course, but a few days afterward Madeleine spent an afternoon with Lady Steyne, who, getting very hopeful now, recited her son's virtues. Among them was total abstinence. Madeleine could no longer doubt.

Instantly a mischievous thought arose. If he was so lively on tea and water, what would be the result of a glass of champagne? The very same idea struck George when she told him, and at the first opportunity he made an attempt.

"My dear fellow," said Sir Geoffrey, "I daren't! It would be like testing some new explosive of which one can't calculate the force."

This comparison was not likely to deter George. Feeling himself unable to work the oracle, as he said, he urged his sister to try. She resisted laughingly, though as curious as himself to see the issue.

The growing intimacy which delighted Lady Steyne alarmed Mr. Hudson. He gave Sir Geoffrey a hint—a pretty strong one. Now, this young man, though easy and careless, had an intense pride of family, and at the bottom of his heart lay an undying grievance against the men who had not only bought the home of his forefathers, but had vulgarized it. Some sharp words passed. He chanced to meet George on leaving and told him. George told his sister, requesting Sir Geoffrey to wait. A small domestic row followed, and poor Mr. Hudson sent an apology. Meantime the afternoon turned out wet. George prevailed on him to stay to dinner, "just to show there was no ill feeling."

"It's the first time I have dined here," Geoffrey murmured as they sat down. "I ask myself miserably is it to be the last?"

"Oh," Madeleine cried, "here's the portent! Sir Geoffrey Steyne feels miserable. Fill his glass, George. It must not be said that you were really miserable for the first time in your life at our table. I insist, Sir Geoffrey!"

"Please let me off. I don't know what the consequences may be."

"The natural consequences of a glass of wine are cheerfulness," said George. "Drink and forget your cares."

His sister supported him with merry malice. Sir Geoffrey shook his head, but obeyed.

The result was all they had hoped, and more—for a time. Cheerfulness returned with a vengeance. Mr. Hudson himself could not stop laughing, the servants forgot their discipline, but Sir Geoffrey kept sipping. A child would scarcely have been excited by the amount he drank, but it was enough to upset that vivacious temperament. The lively mood passed, and he talked earnestly of the affairs of the day—on politics, even on religion, speaking well on every theme.

Dinner was long finished. Madeleine rose at length, surprised and delighted, but rather nervous about the issue. The others adjourned to the billiard room.

Sir Geoffrey had not seen this apartment before. It was the family chapel, as has been said, desecrated by Mr. Hudson's father, but Mr. Hudson had lately refurnished it in the style termed oriental by uphosterers—with a dado of Indian matting, walls paneled with Turkish stuffs and even the vaulted roof hidden by a ceiling of bamboo. It was a building apart, but under the main wall of the abbey.

Sir Geoffrey stood in the doorway looking at the decorations with an air of passionate distaste. "This is where my forefathers used to worship. Did you leave any mark to show where the altar stood, Mr. Hudson? Ah, I see! That cue rack indicates the spot. Very thoughtful and appropriate!" He advanced. "One of my ancestors was buried somewhere about. It's an interesting story. He lost his head on Tower hill, and his widow brought home the body. You did not notice the gravestone perhaps? Who could regret a sacrifice of sentiment in view of a work of art like this?" And so on, with increasing bitterness.

George, getting alarmed, called for brandy and soda, in hopes that his mood would change once more. It did not. He began to rave.

"For heaven's sake, don't talk so loud!" said George. "Madeleine's room is just above."

But he was quarrelsome now. Mr. Hudson fled, angry and frightened, bidding his son to follow. George lingered a moment.

"Do go, Steyne," he urged. "We shall hardly pacify the governor now."

"Pacify! Pacify the shades of my forefathers! Strip your gimcrackery from their walls! Burn it! Fire is the only purge for crime like this!" With eyes flaming he stalked to and fro, his tossed hair wet with perspiration. He was mad.

George left the room hastily to consult. A moment afterward the curtains were blazing. They flared up—panels and ceiling caught. All was flame and smoke in an instant.

Steyne ran out shouting. The passage was empty. George's words recurred—Madeleine's room was just above. He ran on. A servant's staircase opened on his right. The smoke grew thicker as he dashed up, crying, "Madeleine, Madeleine!"

"In there!" screamed a maid, rushing past.

Madeleine was throwing on the dress just discarded. He lifted her and fought his way down through the dense smoke, muttering prayers. All was bustle in the passage now. As Sir Geoffrey appeared with Madeleine in his arms Mr. Hudson was speeding by. "Villain," he cried, "you shall answer for this!"

"No, no, papa; it is all my wicked doing! I must answer for it!"

That is the true story of the fire at Portal abbey. The billiard room was burned out, but its thick walls and vaulted roof held the flames confined. Young Lady Steyne has tried no more shocking experiments upon her husband.—Exchange.

Husk and Kernel.

Gent—I have called on the recommendation of a friend to have my portrait painted, but I should like to know if you can take me in my fur coat?

Artist—Oh, certainly! Fact is, you know, I am an animal painter.—Humoristische Blatter.

His Wife Was Troubled.

The lawyer, who had been married for only a year, sent word to his wife that he had been suddenly called to Milwaukee. "I will be back tomorrow," he wrote. "Don't worry. My stenographer goes with me."

But she did worry. When he reached home next evening, her eyes were red from weeping, and as soon as she saw him she broke down again. "Oh, how could you?" she sobbed.

"What's the matter?" he demanded.

"Your stenographer"—she began, and again she sobbed.

"What's the matter with him?"

"Him! Was it a man?"

"Why, yes. I fired that girl a month ago."

"Oh, dearest, I never believed it for a moment anyway."—Chicago Record.

A Suggestive Sermon.

The Rev. Dr. Howard, chaplain to Princess Augusta, was so fond of good living that he ran into debt with many of the tradesmen in his parish. It was in their special interests that he one day preached from the text, "Have patience, and I will pay you all." He spoke at great length on the virtues of patience and then proceeded, "I now come to the second part of my discourse, which is, 'and I will pay you all,' but that I shall defer to a future occasion."—London Standard.

Resigned.

"Now," said the physician who is noted for his heavy charges, "I must take your temperature."

"All right," responded the patient in a tone of utter resignation. "You've got about everything else I own. There's no reason why you shouldn't take that too."—Paris Journal.

Edison's Fun.

Edison is a great lover of practical jokes. Once upon a time when the phonograph was more of a novelty than it is at the present time he hid one of these machines in a grandmother's clock which stood in a guest chamber. One night as a friend was preparing to get into bed he suddenly heard a voice exclaim, "Eleven o'clock; one hour more." He crept into bed and lay perfectly still, frightened out of his life and hardly daring to breathe. At midnight he heard the same voice again exclaim, "Twelve o'clock; prepare to die." This was more than mortal flesh could stand, and springing out of bed, with a shriek, he flew out of the room into the arms of Edison and another friend, who had been sitting up awaiting his appearance.—Northwest Magazine.

COULD HARDLY BREATHE.

Catarrh of the Nose, Throat, and Stomach—Life Made Miserable by Headaches, Pain and Cough.

Lida McCandless, No. 1230 South Thirty-fifth street, Philadelphia, in conversation with a reporter, said: "I had a very bad case of catarrh of the nose, throat and stomach, with frequent headaches, pain under the shoulder blades and a horrible cough. I had to keep my mouth constantly open day and night to breathe, and felt as miserable as one possibly could. I was advised to try Munyon's Catarrh Cure. I am happy to say that from the beginning I felt relieved, and continued to grow better until now I am entirely well. I am so thankful that this remarkable remedy was ever discovered, and hope others will take advantage of my experience."

Have you Catarrh? Are you willing to investigate a treatment that cures Catarrh by removing the cause? If so ask your druggist for a 25c. bottle of Munyon's Catarrh Cure and a 25c. bottle of Catarrh Tablets. The Catarrh Cure will eradicate the disease from the system, and the Tablets will cleanse and heal the afflicted parts and restore them to a natural and healthful condition.

Munyon's Homoeopathic Home Remedy Company, of Philadelphia, put up specifics for nearly every disease, which are sold by all druggists, mostly for 25 cents a bottle.

THE BAGGAGE FIEND.

He Who Makes Travel a Terror and Sends Everything to Smash.

There are two of them—the one who flits from station to station and dumps your poor dumb trunk with force enough to drive piles in a government breakwater, and the one who loiters around the depot watching for his chance to shatter your baggage. The depot baggageman is the most culpable of the two species. In his long and dark career of smashing trunks he has knocked the hoops off his conscience, and there is no remorse bravo, foolhardy and reckless enough to tackle his heartstrings and play on them.

The cowboy ropes the Texas steer for fun, but the baggageman ropes your trunk for a quarter of a dollar. No matter though your trunk be shod with half inch strap iron and armed with solid steel corselets on the corners and double locked with a burglar proof combination, the station baggageman wants to rope it all the same, and usually he terrifies all the passengers into letting him have his own way. He approaches you with a smile, goes away with 25 cents and ties up your bruised and battered kister with a tow string.

The strong, iron bound chest of the drummer and the aristocratic though fragile frame of the Saratoga meet on a common level, and when they do meet the splinters fly, and while the owner of the Saratoga is wringing her lily white hands and tucking stray bits of lace, ruffling and birdseye linen into the fractured corners the drummer is using the most vigorous and spiritual language he can command, and a great deal of it, warming up with the eloquent brilliancy of his discourse. As the prayers of the wicked avail naught, so neither do the tears of the belle nor the curses of the commercial gentleman. The time table of the railroad is not changed in the least, and the sympathetic passengers are obliged to go abroad. The wounded trunks are thrown into the ambulance—baggage car—and whirled away to the next slaughter house farther up the road. And the dear, sweet dude, and the starchy old deacon, and the grand and impressive member of the legislature are all alike powerless in the hands of the fiend of the check ring. Tyre and Sidon have passed away, and so will our trunks. The Goths and Vandals swarmed down upon Rome, and it fell. Verily, so do the Goths and Vandals of the modern railroad prey on our baggage, and it is all broken up.—Texas Siftings.

A Rhine Custom.

A custom that has existed for several centuries is still maintained in some towns on the lower Rhine. On Easter Monday—auction day—the town crier or clerk calls all the young people together and to the highest bidder sells the privileges of dancing with the chosen girl, and her only, during the entire year. The fees flow into the public poor box.

"Yield not to misfortune."

I was afflicted with catarrh last autumn. During the month of October I could neither taste or smell and could hear but little. Ely's Cream Balm cured it.—Marcus Geo. Shautz, Rahway, N. J.

I suffered from catarrh of the worst kind ever since a boy, and I never hoped for cure, but Ely's Cream Balm seems to do even that. Many acquaintances have used it with excellent results.—Oscar Ostrum, 45 Warren Ave., Chicago, Ill. Cream Balm is agreeable.

Piles or Hemorrhoids

Cured without knife or ligature. No pain. Patients can continue business while under treatment. When patients are responsible no money required until well. Send for pamphlet. R. Reed, M. D., 129 South Thirteenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Heart Disease Relieved in 30 Minutes.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gives perfect relief in all cases of Organic or Sympathetic Heart Disease in 30 minutes, and speedily effects a cure. It is a peerless remedy for Palpitation, Shortness of Breath Smothering Spells, Pain in Left Side and all symptoms of a Diseased Heart. One dose convinces. Sold by Serrill Douglass.

The Ways and Means Committee.

We suppose there is one in every household. If not, appoint one at once and investigate the gold embossed wall papers that are being sold by the Fidelity Wall Paper Co., of 413 N. 11th St., Phila., at 12 and 15c.

Do You Cough?

Don't delay. Take Stretch's Balsam Wild Cherry and Horehound—the best cough cure. It cures coughs and colds, bronchitis, asthma, incipient consumption. For whooping cough, it dispels whoop, allays cough and cuts short the disease. Especially effective in dry, hacking cough. For the sudden, dangerous croup it is infallible. At druggists, 25 and 50 cents.

Do You Want Work and a Home of Your Own?

If you do, write at once to Fren'k Abbot, Land Commissioner, Wisconsin Central Lines, Room 19, Colby and Abbot Building, Milwaukee, Wis., for a pamphlet which will tell you how you may easily get both.

Miscellaneous

DIRECTIONS for using CREAM BALM

Apply a particle of the Balm well up into the nostrils. After a moment draw a strong breath through the nose. Use three times a day, after meals preferred, and before retiring.

ELY'S CREAM BALM Opens and cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Protects the Membrane from Colds, Restores the Sense of Taste and Smell. The Balm is quickly absorbed and gives relief at once. Price 50 cents at Druggist or by mail.
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Miscellaneous

Miscellaneous

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Has your boy had his share?
Has your friend had his?

If you live within half a day's railroad ride of this store you probably know somebody who has bought our Clothing lately. Ask them to show you the clothes. Ask them to tell you what they paid. Sales almost surpass what you'll believe—thousands a day.

How does it strike you? Men's All Wool Suits, $5 and $6.75.
How does it strike you? Winter Overcoats, All Wool, $5.
How does it strike you? Dress Suits worth $16.50 for $12.
How does it strike you? $30 and $35 Dress Suits for $20.
How does it strike you? Overcoats—half what you've been paying.
How does it strike you? Boy's Suits—half what you've been paying.

We never knew news to travel so in all our experience. The prices impress buyers deeply. The story is too good to keep. There's a Million to sell. With customers to the doors it's going quick.

Owing to settlement of a Partner's Interest it must be all sold.
Owing to settlement of a Partner's Interest it must be all sold.

No difference to you, of course, except that it makes us put all our prices mighty low. Keep in mind the facts—

Prices much lower than we ever knew them
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Return of goods under usual liberal conditions.

Do low prices stop repayment of Railroad Fare?

No, we continue that as before. On purchase of reasonable amount the railroad expense is returned to you.

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LADIES' SAFETY, With more special advantages adapted especially for the comfort of Lady cyclists than all other Ladies' wheels combined.

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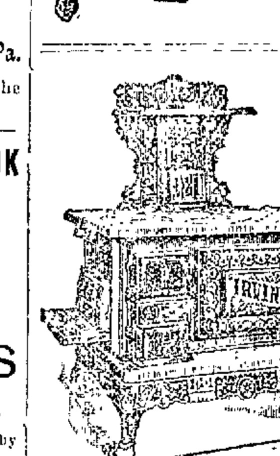

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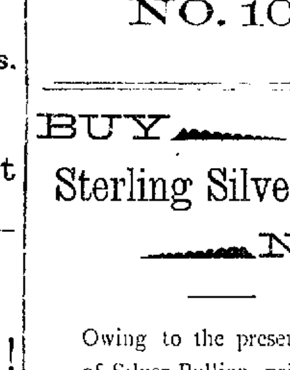

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There's more in it than you think of at first. A little nagging pain and pretty soon your nerves are on edge—then you're cross. Shoes that fit wear better than those that don't fit. They feel better, look better and cost no more. It costs no more to make a shoe right than wrong. A little care needed—that's all.

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Makes old articles look new, and is much used on Bicycles, Carriages, Stoves, etc.

Requires only one coat, is applied cold with brush, and dries absolutely hard and glossy in 2 hours—will not crack, chip, blister or rub off.

Sample bottles sent on receipt of price, 2 ounces, 15c., 4 ounces, 25c., 8 ounces, 40c.

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NEW AT THE BUSINESS

SHE WAS A VERY NICE BUT A VERY FRESH TYPEWRITER GIRL.

She Was So Interested In the Reporter's Story That She Wanted to Stop Quite Often and Talk About It—Had to Fix Her Hair and Get Her Chewing Gum.

For a reporter with but little to write and plenty of time in which to write it there is nothing more pleasant than to dictate a narrative to a cheerful typewriter, particularly if she be young and have nice soft hair to distract the eye and well formed, white fingers and be, exceedingly pleasing. But for a reporter with a long yarn to write and a limited amount of time to finish it things sometimes have a different aspect.

Near the newspaper office is a typewriting office which many men frequent. A new girl came there one day last week—a real nice girl and an excellent operator—but she had never done that kind of work before. While she was sitting in the main room upon the afternoon of her first day a newspaper man came bustling in, and—

"Mrs. J., have you got anybody to take a two column story in a hurry?"

"Yes," replied the manager. "Here is a young lady who has just come to us. Miss Brown, Mr. Smith. You can go into that corner room."

In three minutes the young lady was seated at her machine, the newspaper man was sorting out his notes, and the door was closed, so as to leave them undisturbed.

"Now, if you will, please begin," the newspaper man said. "In these days of stern reality and suffering and struggle for existence a romantic episode comes upon one with the refreshing delight with which a traveler in a desert beholds an oasis."

Clickety, clickety, click went the keys, and then:

"Isn't that lovely? Is it going to be a novel?"

The newspaper man looked up in amazement, but it was utterly impossible to be angry with such blue eyes regarding him in admiration.

"No," he said. "Please go on. In the monotonous routine of police court cases, however, there was one yesterday behind which lay a story so romantic and so picturesque that it would almost seem to have been created by a great novelist who had striven to exceed all his past efforts."

When this had been recorded, and while the newspaper man was wondering what he would say next, the young lady, smiling most radiantly, prattled on in this fashion:

"That's just splendid. It sounds like a real novel. Did you ever read 'Clarissa; or, The Forlorn Hope?' It begins something like that, only it isn't so interesting. Do you know I never took dictation like that before? The last place I worked in I had nothing to do but copy letters. Oh, dear, wasn't it tiresome, though!"

The newspaper man felt his collar getting too small, but after swallowing something that seemed to stick in his throat he said as gently as possible:

"Won't you please go on? I'm somewhat of a hurry. What have you got there?"

"Where?" in great surprise.

"I mean please read over what I have dictated."

"Oh, how stupid I am! 'In these days of stern realty'—how do you pronounce that word, in two syllables or three? Thank you—'stern reality and suffering' "—

And she read what she had written. Then just as the newspaper man had settled back in his chair, determined to dictate to the end without giving her another opportunity to interrupt him, she said:

"Excuse me. I think my hair is coming down."

She went to a little mirror in a corner of the room, examined her hair carefully, and then after touching up the puffs of her sleeves and smoothing her waist she sighed and returned to her seat.

"There, now, I'm all ready."

For the next few minutes she had to work so hard that she hadn't time to say a single word. But soon the page was filled, and she had to insert a new sheet, and that was her opportunity.

"Gracious! How fast you dictate! It almost takes my breath away. But do you know, I like it. I think it's good practice. Were you there when all that happened? My! I wish I could be a reporter."

The newspaper man went on with his dictation. He was fast growing hopping mad, but he hadn't the heart to say a harsh word to the girl. She was really very pretty, and as she became interested in the story a delicate flush mantled her cheeks, and it was a positive pleasure to watch her. But a newspaper man has no time for pleasure during business hours, and those charms did not interest him as much as they might have done under other circumstances. But he struggled bravely on.

"Oh!" she suddenly exclaimed, stopping in the middle of a sentence. "Did that really happen?"

"Yes, yes. Will you please go on?"

"Well, the idea! I wouldn't have believed it. Do you know, I don't believe half what I read in the papers, but of course if you say so it must be true."

"I'm very sorry I can't chat with you, Miss Brown, but really I'm in a great hurry."

"Oh, I beg your pardon. I forgot all about that."

For nearly ten minutes there was not a break in the dictation save where a sheet became full and a fresh one had to be inserted. The typewriter kept her lips firmly pressed together, as if she were exerting all her strength to keep silent. It was clear to see that it could not last much longer. In the middle of a paragraph she suddenly stopped and with a brief "Excuse me for a moment" left the room. In a few seconds she returned with her jaws moving convulsively and a piece of chewing gum in her hand.

"Won't you have some?" she asked politely.

"N-n-no—and—I'll tell you what—er—I guess I won't have time to finish this story today. I'll come back some other time."

"Oh, you're not going are you? I'm awful sorry. I was just getting interested in the story."

"Very sorry—er—how much? Here. All right? Good day."

And seizing the few sheets that lay on the desk the newspaper man went away and finished the story with a pen.—Chicago Times.

A Narrow Escape.

Jess—I don't think this gown matches my complexion very well, do you?

Jack—Which one?

Jess—What?

Jack—Which gown, I mean.—Boston Journal.

He Couldn't Help It.

"How do you feel?" asked a sympathetic bystander as a trolley victim opened his eyes.

"Quite run down," whispered the humorist, who even in his agony could not let a chance slip, and the crowd, seeing the humor of the joke, laughed merrily until the ambulance arrived.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Practice Makes Perfect.

He—And am I really and truly the only man you ever loved?

She—Well—er—I never had it seem so easy before.—Indianapolis Journal.

Several marine animals propagate by voluntary self division. A piece breaks off and floats away. For a considerable time it shows no sign of life, but when it has recovered from the shock of separation it develops into a perfect animal.

Lake Superior was named for its size. It was also called Lac de Conde and Lac de Tracy, while the Indians termed it Kitchigarnie, "Big Sea Water."

DOCTOR AND PRIEST.

No leech can cure, how great soe'er his wit;
Tissue he cannot heal, nor the bone knit;
Life's secret means his splint and draft supply;
Nature then cures—or bids the patient die.

Wise though thy creed, dream not, presumptuous man,
'Tis thine to save that which thou didst not plan.
Serve thou a mightier force than it or thee,
And each soul's self shall that soul's savior be.
—Dora Reade Goodale in Century.

VALUE OF A SPY IN BATTLE.

Exploit of a Soldier Who Gained Information at Gettysburg.

Dr. H. N. Howard, who was assistant surgeon of the Tenth Maine infantry, relates the following incident:

"On the second day of the battle of Gettysburg the Twelfth corps was on the right of the Union line. The First division (General Williams') occupied the extreme right at the foot of Culp's hill, where slight earthworks had been thrown up. In the afternoon the enemy appeared to be massing on our left. General Meade ordered the First division of the Twelfth corps over to the support of the left. This left the Tenth Maine occupying the extreme right of the Union lines alone.

"The enemy doubtless discovered the movement, as after dark it was found that they were moving by the left flank down the ravine back of Culp's hill. This was reported to General Slocum. He lost no time in informing General Meade, who ordered a trusty scout to be sent out at once to ascertain the facts. Captain Beardsley called for a volunteer for the desperate service, the night being black as ink. Henry Kallock threw off his chevrons, and in the blouse of a private soldier announced himself ready. Kallock was first sergeant of Company D, as brave as he was daring and efficient. With dread as to the result, Captain Beardsley sent him out into the darkness. At midnight the brave sergeant returned and reported that he had penetrated the lines of the enemy, who were then occupying the works but a few hours before vacated by General Williams' division.

"This was at once reported to General Meade, who ordered General Williams to return. Under cover of the darkness the movement was noiselessly accomplished. They approached so near as to hear the whispered voices of the enemy within the intrenchments and there remained until the first light of dawn discovered to the enemy the immediate vicinity of the Union forces. Then was initiated the bloody assault upon Culp's hill, where, in indiscriminate heaps, lay the foes of either army. When the sun went down, Old Glory waved in triumph over the little earthworks on the extreme right of our lines, announcing the first victory gained in the battle of Gettysburg.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Why He Knew.

Mr. Timothy Cole, the engraver, gives an account in a private letter of an amusing experience in the Louvre: "While I was working on 'The Fish Market,' by Van Ostade, an elderly lady and a young gentleman stopped in front of the picture. They were much attracted by what I was doing, and the lady asked her companion if he knew what I was about. He very readily answered that I was etching. 'But,' she responded, more attentively regarding me as I engraved, 'he appears to be cutting on wood.' 'Etching on wood,' was the offhand return. I could not repress a smile as I worked on, and they watched me in silence. 'I should think,' resumed the old lady, 'that if he made a false cut or mistake it would be the ruin of all he had done?' 'Oh, no,' was the nonchalant reply, 'all he would have to do is to scratch it out and do it over again.' Here my involuntary glance of surprise, as I looked up from my block, met the inquiring eyes of the questioner. It was time for me to explain, which I did, correcting the gentleman's erroneous idea—evidently derived from seeing the process of etching—of a wood engraver's being able to remedy anything he had once cut by scratching it out. We then fell into conversation, and I learned that the young man was an art critic, which accounted for the confidence with which he uttered his opinions."—San Francisco Argonaut.

ORDER OF THE GARTER.

Its Alleged Ballroom Origin a Piece of Legendary Romance.

The origin of the Order of the Golden Fleece is like that of the Garter, shrouded in mystery. Very few modern archæologists attach any credence to the vulgar tradition wholly unsupported by any authority that at a court ball given by Edward III a lady, supposed to be the Countess of Salisbury, dropped her garter and the king, taking it up and observing some of his courtiers to smile as though they thought he had not obtained this favor merely by accident, exclaimed in a loud voice, "Honi soit qui mal y pense."

There is another opinion which traces the origin of this order, which, according to the learned Selden "exceeds in majesty, honor and fame all the chivalrous orders in the world," to Richard Cœur de Lion having upon the occasion of some warlike expedition during his wars in Palestine chosen a leathern thonged garter as the distinctive mark of his partisans. Yet another theory ascribes the foundation of the order to the fact that Edward at the battle of Crecy issued his garter as a signal for battle, which, proving successful, determined him to institute the order in memory of the event.

Both these opinions are to a certain extent feasible, and the first is materially fortified by the well known fact that when the crusaders captured St. Jean d'Acre in a nocturnal assault the knights of the Christian army were ordered to wear straps of white leather bound round the leg under the left knee in order to distinguish them from the infidels.—Philadelphia Press.

His Criticism.

Professional art critics are by no means the only people whose opinions of pictures are worth hearing, as many an artist has found out. Michael Herlihy had his little shop insured in a popular company, and the agent presented him with a highly colored lithograph representing the burning of a block of buildings.

Mr. Herlihy surveyed the picture for some moments, muttering to himself the while. At last he turned a dissatisfied face upon the agent.

"It's moighty purty," he said, "but it's mesilf doesn't call it complate, sorr, not by anny manes."

"Indeed," said the agent. "What is wanting, Mr. Herlihy?"

"There's the buildin's all roight," said Michael, "an there's the foire ingines, an the ladders, an the horses, an the shmoke an cinders. There's the payple runnin, an the foiremen climbin oop an doon, but," said Mr. Herlihy, turning his back on the painted conflagration and confronting the insurance agent with an expression of strong discontent, "wholver in the woide wurrld saw a blither av that koind goin on, an not a bit av a dog annywhere to be sane on the sthrate, sorr? Who's the man 't painted that picther, O'id loike t' be tould!" concluded Mr. Herlihy, waxing scornful. "He's got a few things to l'arn before iver he'll be an artisht, Oi'm thinkin!"—Youth's Companion.

The Uncomfortable Howdah.

The elephant's howdah is that bed of Procrustes in which one can neither sit nor stand with any approach to reasonable ease, and in which a recumbent attitude is impossible. Its advantages are (1) that, standing in it, a man can shoot on every side of him; (2) that it is convenient for the carriage of the occupant's paraphernalia, his guns on racks on either side, his ammunition in a trough in front, his other requisites in leather pockets here and there on the sides of the machine, or, as to that, bee blanket, on his seat, and (3) that in the hinder compartment an attendant can sit or stand to hold that monstrous umbrella over his head, or, when quick loading is required, take from his hand the gun just fired and recharge it. Those are advantages; otherwise the howdah is an abomination.—Blackwood's Magazine.

ACTORS IN PRIVATE LIFE.

Richard Mansfield's Views on the Thespian's Sphere In Society.

It is an open question whether the true actor should be seen in society (Edmund Kean held that he should not) or whether he should remain a mystery to his fellow men. The writer is of the opinion that there is no reason why an actor off the stage should not behave like an ordinary mortal and enjoy as much as he may the pleasures of life, but the writer is also of the opinion that there is no necessity for an actor to bear about him the pungent odor of the coulisses. There is no claim on him to deport himself in any other wise than an honest man when he walks abroad. He can refrain from calling attention to himself by means which would be ridiculous if employed by other men.

He need not wear his hair long, or gaze fixedly into vacancy, or pretend to be lost in poetic thought, or stride or pose or wear odd garments. He may, in short, behave like a man unless he has made up his mind to demean himself into a perambulating advertisement. The actor's art will be more widely honored by thinking men when they discover in the actor the unostentatious manners of a gentleman. Men will not blame the actor for eccentricities or idiosyncrasies which he may have inherited, or for which nature or ill health is responsible. They will accept them as they accept them in other friends, but they will be swift to perceive their assumption for a purpose.

Aside from the personal opinion of individuals the public has no concern whatever in the private life of the actor. It belongs to him as much as it belongs to the lawyer, the painter, the writer or the architect or to any other freeborn citizen. The stage is the actor's studio and gallery, or exhibition. Away from it his deeds are of no moment, and many actors would be less known and others more popular if the world judged the actor only by his work. Society, as a whole, cares very little for art. True art without the humbug is as little tolerated in society as a nude figure.—Richard Mansfield.

THE LEAST HE COULD DO.

He Had Spoiled a Glorious Wake and of Course Ought to Pay.

It was a glorious wake, that of Dinny Hooghlighan. Dinny had been identified at the morgue as the "floater" found in the river, or at least the floater had been identified as Dinny. The Caseys, the Kelleys, the McManuses, all were there. In fact, everybody was there, with the exception of the Grogans, the omission being due to the fact that one of them had expressed the opinion that it was the first time a Hooghlighan had ever met his death by drowning. Indeed the Grogan had gone so far as to announce that his belief that the adage, "Thim thot is born to be hanged will niver be dhrownded," had received a shock from which it could hardly recover.

Old man Hooghlighan sat in the corner, with a short pipe inserted into a countenance in which pride in the completeness of the arrangements struggled with a natural grief. He had just opened his mouth at one corner to suggest that the bottle be passed again when in walked Dinny in the flesh. The old man's jaw relaxed, and the pipe fell unheeded to the floor. His first thought was of the complete triumph of the hated Grogan, whose grinning face he caught a glimpse of through the window. Swallowing his astonishment, he walked over to the, as it were, resurrected one, and taking him by the hand said solemnly:

"It is glad Oi am to see yez back, Dinny, me boy, but it is a mighty foine affair yez hov shpiled. Oi think, under the circumsthansiz, the lasto yez can do is to pay the bill for the whusky."—Indianapolis Journal.

THOSE DREADED DRAFTS.

How They Are Caused and Avoided In Window Tight Rooms.

Several years ago in the fall of the year I was sick for weeks, and when at last I was able to sit up I sat in my sitting room, which faced the northwest, during the daytime, and wishing to see the passing I had my place near a large window. The room had an open grate, also furnace heat, and the thermometer easily registered 70 to 75 degrees, but with all this warmth there was a draft, as I thought, on my head and neck.

Every one said the cold air came in at the window sash. I sent for the weather strip man, and of course he discovered, or thought he did, the cause and put on his rubber molding so that the sash when closed was tight.

"Now," he says, "you will have no more trouble in that direction."

The next cold snap the same old gale of wind appeared. When my doctor came in, I spoke to him in regard to it, when he informed me that it was not the cold air from outside that I felt, but the warm air of the room, which went to the top of the window, struck the cold glass, cooled and then "fell down" as the cold air would had not the casing been airtight. He then said, "Drop your curtain about one-third and keep it there."

I did as he directed, and the gale stopped, and I had no trouble after that. He told me that the same trouble existed in most houses, even those that were well heated in the halls and bedrooms, the heat going to the top, cooling and falling back, so that one coming from a warm room down stairs and going up would often think that there must be windows open above. Of course double windows would remedy this cooling off process in the rooms, but with the curtains down a little they prevent the instant cooling of the warm air, and there is your draft. You will notice that these "drafts" are about during the day more than at night and always less in the room where there is a lamp. Why? Simply when you light your lamps or the gas you draw down the shades, and the heat does not strike the cold glass.—Boston Transcript

Marriage Ceremony—Finland.

Marriage fetes in Finland, as in Norway, are often prolonged for several days, even among folk of humble rank. One peculiarity, which may excite more surprise than approval among eligible suitors in our own country, is that the Finnish lover never himself "pops the question" to the girl of his choice. The momentous proposal is made through a third person, called the "talman," to whom the happy couple give a present when his delicate mediation proves successful and ends in a wedding. Not uncommonly their gift to the talman takes the unromantic form of a shirt.

In like manner the clergyman who presides over the nuptial service receives a simple and inexpensive present, often a handkerchief and a pair of warm hair gloves. A similar gift is bestowed upon the officiating priest at funerals. Upon these mournful occasions the service is exceedingly simple—more so than would satisfy the views of British undertakers—but the burial is, as a rule, followed by large hospitality on the part of the bereaved family.—Westminster Review.

Man at Birth Not Free.

Man at his birth is not free in any sense. He can squall and squirm, but he is absolutely at the disposal of his mother or of whoever else is in charge of him. It may be said that he becomes free, but that is equally ridiculous. He is not free to choose his language, his habits, his standard of right and wrong. All these are imposed upon him by his surroundings. To call men equal at their births or afterward is a similar falsification of facts. The maxim does not mean that at birth men are equal in the total lack of freedom. Therefore it means nothing at all as regards men at the moments of their births. It is obviously inapplicable to their conditions in after life, in every stage of which the innate inequalities of capacity and their results become more and more marked.—Quarterly Review.

He Had Hopes.

"The relations between you and Miss Goldrox"—

"Are at present a father, a mother and three or four meddling aunts, but I have hopes of winning her yet."—Cincinnati Tribune.

HIS CARESSES CAME TOO LATE.

Farmer Henryer Meant Well, but He Didn't Deserve a Good Wife.

Old Ripley Henryer is a well to do farmer with skinflint tendencies whose life has been passed without an emotion except what may have been engendered in getting money together and holding fast to it.

When his father died a quarter of a century ago, his mother concluded she could not get along without him, so she quickly followed the same way, and Ripley, coming into possession of the homestead, felt the necessity for a good cook and washerwoman. Then he prevailed upon Hetty Mercer, an affectionate and pretty girl of the neighborhood, to assume these duties, first making her his wife.

It is possible he said nothing to her of the obligations attendant upon the wifely relations, but that made no difference as to results. Ripley was strong as an ox, and, a hard worker himself, he had no use for lazy people and no excuses for those who were weaker than himself.

As time passed little Henryers, one, two, three, five in all, came into the family fold, each one adding to the wife's cares, and meantime Ripley added to his acres.

The number of hired men increased, but in all the years it never occurred to him that the mother of his children might need help in her department. Hired girls were "scarce and awful high," as he put it when one of the neighbors reminded him of his remissness.

Hetty bore her yoke in silence and might have been contented even but for the man's utter lack of sentiment or affection. She had never felt the gentle pressure of his hand in soft caress, and he had never kissed her in his life. She grew old fast, faded and drooped, and finally even the stolid, sordid husband saw the necessity of calling in a doctor.

When the latter was leaving the house, he called Ripley aside and said:

"Suppose you show your wife a little kindness. I think a bit of affection will do her more good than medicine. She's in a bad way and may die."

The selfish fellow was frightened at the prospect of losing his cook and faithful housekeeper, and after some deliberation he entered her bedchamber and awkwardly approached her side, then stooped over and kissed her pale, cold brow.

The poor woman, who for 25 years had been dying for sympathy and love, was so startled at this exhibition of feeling on the part of her husband that tears of thankfulness gathered in her eyes and then rolled down her cheeks.

The lubberly fellow started back at sight of this evidence of weakness and blurted out:

"Gosh! Hetty, you needn't mind it. I didn't mean nothing by it. Doc, he said it mebbe'd make you feel better."

Then the tears dried quickly enough, and the woman turned her pallid face toward the wall.

When Ripley came back an hour later, all the kisses in the world could not have brought moisture to her eyes. The office of cook and laundress was vacant in his house.—Chicago Tribune.

MIND OVER MATTER.

The Poor Reader of the Astor Library and His Luxurious Feast.

His coat had the olive tint of age and exposure, the edge of the sleeves were as frayed as a decrepit toothbrush, and the bottoms of his shiny black trousers might have been exhibited as a piece of rare old tapestry. The hat which he laid on the table of the Astor library reading room was a picturesque ruin, and his linen was clean, but starchless, and had evidently been rough laundered at home. The man within those clothes was tall and lank, and the top story of the man was a fine patriarchal head, with a high, narrow forehead, from which the gray hair had long ago fallen out in the march of years, and his eyes were those of a thinker.

As he sat down he was all aglow with the mild excitement of the book man, for there had been handed out to him an uncut magazine, that cheerful and airy periodical, The International Journal of Ethics, and as he slid the broad ivory paper knife between its leaves there was a twinkle of satisfaction in his eyes that would not have come if he had just been bowed to by the richest man in New York. With him the opening of those pages was a work of literary sensuality, and when at last it was finished he laid the knife down with a sigh. But in another moment he was all aglow again, and settling himself back in his chair he propped the magazine against his poor old hat and plunged into a ten page article on "Luxury."

It was a triumph of mind over matter which would have made old Plato pop off his pedestal in the lobby below for very joy could he but have seen it.—New York Sun.

Metal Building Material.

It is well within the memory of many persons when metal as a building material was practically unknown. But within a few years building has been almost revolutionized by the use of metal in various forms and for various purposes. Iron beams, columns, girders, rafters and window sashes have come into use, and now we are to have as a regular addition to our list a great variety of stamped out sections. These have heretofore been made mostly of galvanized iron or some composition of the spelter sort, or, in fine and high priced work, bronze has been employed. Steel is, however, found to answer all demands far better than any other metal used for this purpose. Door and window casings will be made of metal, and indeed all parts of a house may be constructed of something besides wood. With paper pulp doors and floors, metal frames and finish, slate or tin roofs and portland cement or concrete walls, our houses may in time come to be actually fireproof, as they have for a long time unjustly claimed to be.—New York Ledger.

Crash Kitchen Aprons.

An excellent use for crash is in making kitchen aprons. We somehow have the idea if an apron is for the kitchen it must necessarily be of either dark gingham or calico or something wholly unattractive. As a matter of fact, a neat person will not wear a kitchen apron after it is soiled, and dark material keeps clean no longer than light. It only conceals its unclean condition longer. There is no reason, then, why a kitchen apron should not be attractive as well as useful, and any one who has once used for this purpose a fine, pretty piece of delicately checked linen crash will scarcely want to return to the ugly, dark aprons of former days.—Demorest's Magazine.

A Puzzler.

Visitor—There are about 400 women pharmacists in the United States.

Old Lady—Well, I don't see how they manage to plow and harvest and do all the heavy work.—Detroit Free Press.

The Morphine Habit In France.

Dr. Jules Rochard, in The Union Medicale, draws a gloomy picture of the increase of the morphine habit in France and elsewhere. The habit, he finds, becomes incurable at the end of six months of indulgence. The fair sex and the doctors are, in his opinion, most deeply addicted to morphine. He draws an unpleasant comparison between the behavior of each kind of delinquent. Women, he says, delight in declaring how they indulge in this vice and show ornamental hypodermic syringes to their friends. Dr. Notet states that a lady, having broken the needle of her syringe in a remote country village, wounded her skin with scissors and thrust the stump of the needle into the wound, injecting in this manner till a new syringe arrived from Paris.—London Public Opinion.

The Smart Boy.

"What are you doing, Freddie?" said the painfully smart boy's uncle.

"Drawin pictures on my slate."

"What is this supposed to represent?"

"A locomotive."

"But why don't you draw the cars?"

"Why—er—the locomotive draws the cars."—Washington Star.

Miscellaneous

Miscellaneous.

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HOW THEY MET.

'Twas In a Crowd, and the Place Was the Keeley Institute.

There have been many strange experiences gone through by the worshipers of the Keeley institute in Dwight, Ills., more so perhaps three or four years ago than at present, when there are so many branches established in different states. One of these experiences happened some three years ago.

There was a brainy, brilliant crowd of literary, fashionable, thespian and legal lights there who had all gathered to secure a respite from the cravings for liquor, opium, morphine and other habits. Among them was an old codger dressed in heavy, dust covered cowhide boots, with hickory shirt and butternut overalls, who kept apart from the rest of the throng and seemed to feel somewhat out of place in the gay and better dressed crowd.

One evening a delegation of about 700 all told, including perhaps 250 ladies, went down to the depot to see the "jag train" come in with the new arrivals on board. One of the first to leave the cars was a handsome fellow of perhaps 35, who was carrying all he could navigate under, and who was feeling decidedly happy. Catching sight of the sedate old unknown, who had accompanied the crowd to the depot, he said to his companion, who was trying to keep him within bounds:

"Lemme go, lemme go, I tell you! There's a man I want to see."

Then he ambled toward the hickory shirt and extended his hand with mock dignity, saying:

"How'sh yer honor? I'm glad to see yer."

By this time the bystanders had caught on that something was going on and began crowding around the maudlin newcomer and the sedate old gentleman. Turning round to the crowd, who were eagerly looking on, the tipsy candidate said:

"P'raps you folks don't know it, but thish the chief justice of the state of ——, and, by Jove, I'm the attorney general."

After that the chief justice resumed his ordinary garb and proved to be one of the most companionable of the brilliant coterie gathered at Dwight.—Minneapolis Journal.

THE COW QUESTION.

It Is Discussed From Both Sides of the Garden Fence.

We have received a communication on the subject of the town cow, and though it is well written and properly signed we do not like to give it space, and for several reasons. The cow question has done more to embitter life, separate families and destroy the peace and quietness of entire communities than all others. Like other questions, there are two sides to the cow argument—the cow's side and the other side. Those who own cows are on the cow's side; those who don't own cows and do own gardens and shrubbery are on the other side and there to stay.

Still we never could see why the cow so craved a diet of choice roses and valuable shrubbery. Her butter or milk always goes at the same price. Columbia river water is better than all the roses to enhance the value of her yield. Why shouldn't she run at large if she wants to? Some people neglect their plants and bushes, and the cow trims them up. She also reminds the man of the house that he has left the front gate open and does it delicately, because she always wakes the man's wife up first, or the hired girl, and she tells him, and he gets up and exhibits his pajamas to the neighbors by the light of the silver moon; also his temper, and the latter can best be seen on a dark night.—Dallas Chronicle.

Some Puritanism Left.

Culture and skepticism and the growth of luxury and refinement are no doubt affecting English character, but to an extent which only seems considerable because the cultivated and skeptical, the refined and luxurious minority exaggerate it. The exaggeration is apt to deceive, because the classes which have outgrown the influence of Puritanism are disproportionately vocal, as they are relatively small, while the classes among whom that influence is still dominant are a virtually voiceless multitude.

But the impartial student of the national character is constantly being confronted with evidence to the fact that the process of so called "emancipation" has reached but the merest fringe of the community, and that the great bulk of middle class Englishmen are still, to all intents and purposes, the true spiritual descendants of a Puritan stock.—"Social England," H. D. Traill.

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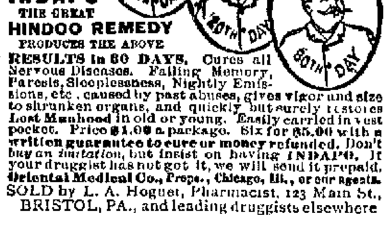

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